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No. 689.—VOL. XXVII.

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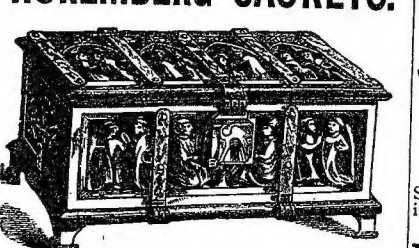
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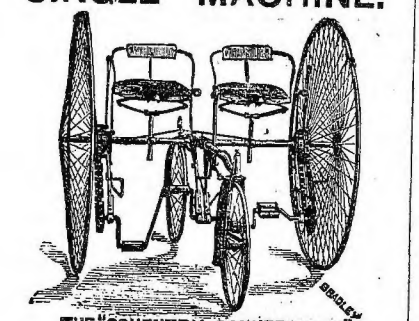
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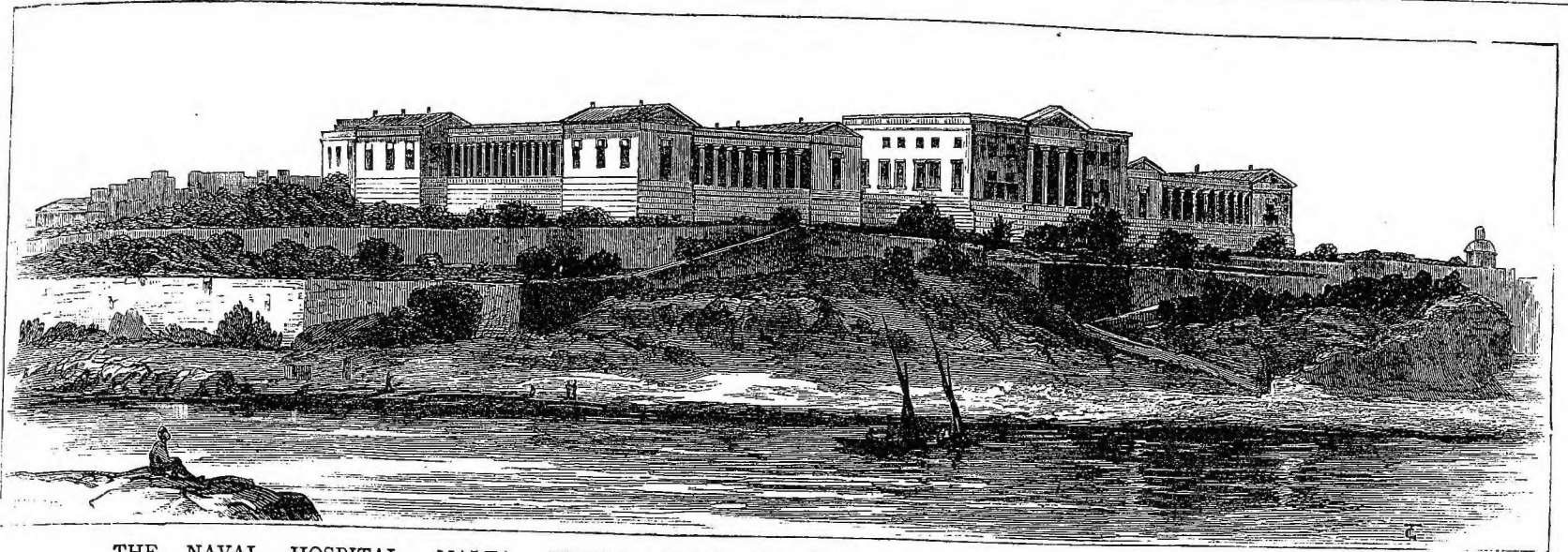
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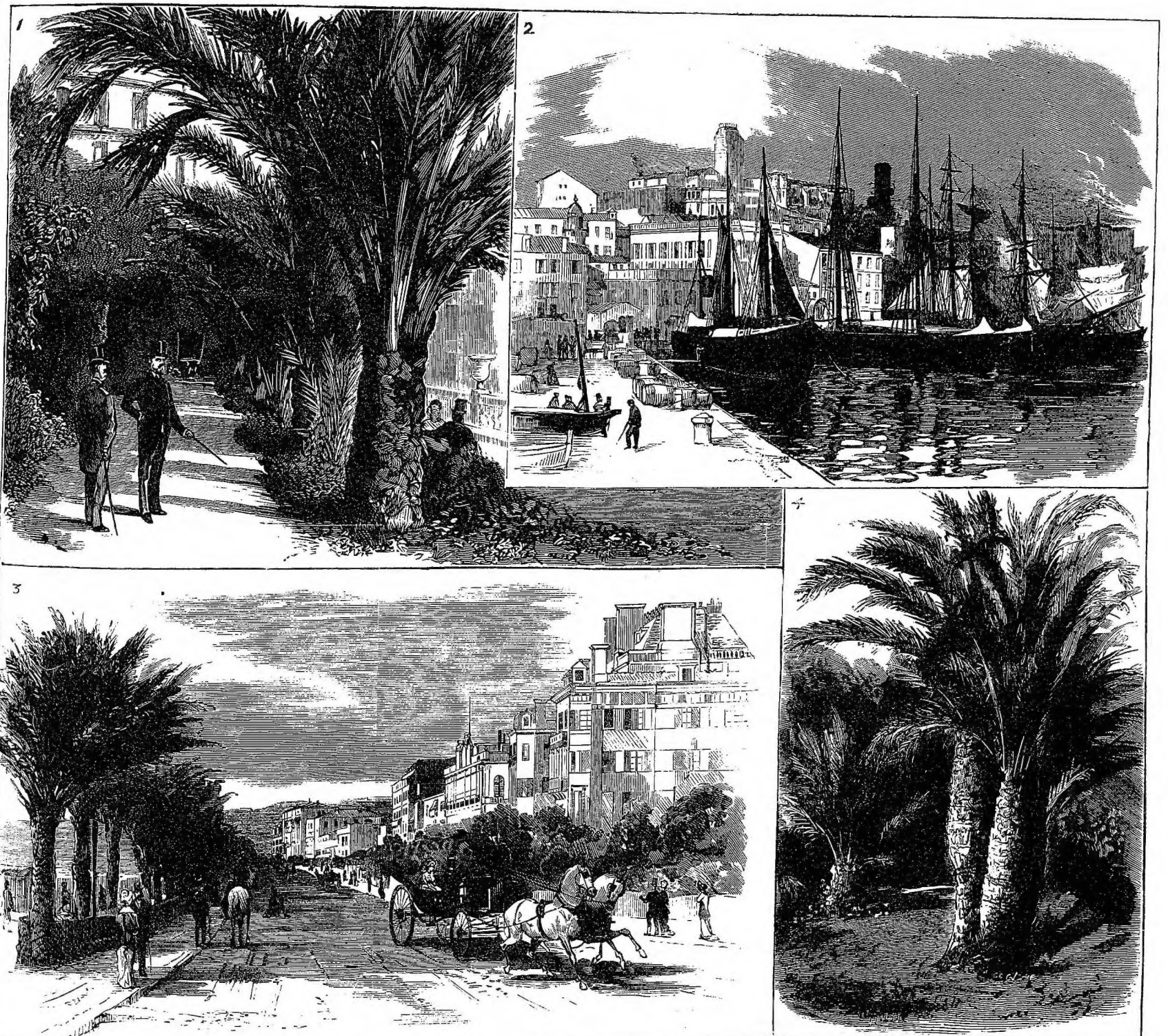
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THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO CANNES AND NICE

Topics of the Week

MR. GLADSTONE'S RETURN.—Everybody is glad to know that the Prime Minister has recovered much of his former vigour during his brief holiday. Some surprise has been excited on the Continent, especially in France, by the fact that Tories and Liberals alike are prepared to congratulate him on his return to the duties of his office; but fortunately political antagonisms in England have seldom become so acute as to prevent the nation, or any part of it, from taking an interest in the personal welfare of its public men. It must be admitted that few statesmen have surpassed Mr. Gladstone in the power of irritating his opponents; but even when his opponents resent what they call his arrogant and overbearing temper they cannot help admiring his energy, his resource, and his devotion to any cause which happens to evoke his enthusiasm. Now that he is about to resume his place in the Cabinet and in Parliament it may be hoped that a resolute effort will be made by his friends to induce him to moderate his activity. The questions which will engage attention during the coming Session are on a lower level than those which were raised by the Irish Land Bill; and they might safely be left almost wholly in charge of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues. Such is his passion for work, however, that it will probably be difficult to persuade him that there are important measures which can be easily conducted through the House of Commons without his aid. Certainly the Liberals have good reason to wish that he may spare himself; for recent speeches have shown that with regard to Ireland and Egypt the party would have some difficulty in holding together without Mr. Gladstone's influence.

RECENT SPEECHES ON IRELAND.—Some of the Liberal newspapers say that Messrs. Plunket and Gibson had better have held their tongues at the present juncture, and also complain of their criticisms on the policy of the Government as being obsolete and out of date. We are unable to agree with either of these expressions of opinion. If Messrs. Healy and Davitt give free utterance to their thoughts and desires, why should not Messrs. Plunket and Gibson? If the former represent the revolutionary element in Ireland, the latter equally represent all that is loyal and anti-revolutionary, among Liberals as well as among Conservatives, among Roman Catholics as well as among Protestants. As for the accusation that in arraigning the former policy of the Government they are digging up a buried grievance for no purpose, we answer that their purpose is of a very practical character, namely, to prevent the recurrence of a method of procedure which has had the effect of embittering and exasperating Irishmen of every political colour, the Fenians alone excepted, who rejoice in the powerful stimulus afforded by the Gladstone Cabinet to the Separation movement. Mr. Chamberlain has since openly avowed that his colleagues regarded the Land League agitation as a useful lever for their intended agrarian legislation, and hence they regarded with politic apathy the murders and other outrages by which that agitation was accompanied. Nor did they change their tactics with any heartiness till the Phoenix Park assassinations showed that their own lives might be in peril. Since then the gallows have been in frequent requisition, and the old-fashioned apparatus of spies and informers has been resuscitated. Not that we blame the Government for their present activity. We simply lament that it was not adopted at the outset of their career, when they had received full and public warning from Lord Beaconsfield of the impending troubles in Ireland. It is worth noting, by the way, that Mr. Gibson and Mr. Courtney agree in one important point. They both declare that violence, or the threat of violence, and not a simple desire to do justice has been the motive force of all recent changes in Irish legislation. If this be true—and it is probably true, since a Tory and a Radical both proclaim it—it proves how well-advised the revolutionary party in Ireland are to persevere in acts of lawlessness and violence. They not unnaturally believe that such doings bring nearer and nearer the glorious era of Irish independence. And who shall say what sort of violence is the most useful for this holy purpose? The boycotting of a thousand farmers or shopkeepers may avail less than the slaughter of a single high-placed official of the British Government.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.—Mr. Reginald Wilberforce's resuscitation of "the ghost of Samuel," his publication of Bishop Wilberforce's remains, has proved "a fruitful source of hot water for all parties." Dozens of highly respectable persons have written to the *Times* complaining that the Bishop took away their characters behind their backs, or in other ways misrepresented them and their opinions. A lady sent a letter to the *Spectator* to say that the Bishop said that another lady said the first lady's book was not a good book, whereas the second lady had told the first lady it was a good book. "Which is impossible," as Euclid says in his dogmatic way. In short, there has been endless trouble about the Bishop's memoirs, and now, as the *Times* "understands," Mr. Wilberforce is at war with his own ally, his publisher. The *Quarterly Review*, published by Mr. Murray, the publisher of the "Life of Bishop Wilberforce," contained a review of that work. To this review a foot-note was

printed to this effect: "We think it right to add, in justice to the publisher, that we have reasons for knowing that the most objectionable parts in the volume were inserted in spite of his earnest remonstrances." Could a publisher do more than object to "the most objectionable parts" of a book he published? Could he not appeal to himself, like the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe*, and refuse himself his own permission to publish the book? "It would appear," adds the *Times*, "that the objectionable character of the statements in the book came fully under the observation of the two persons who eventually disseminated them." If the story, as understood by the *Times*, prove true, and if there are legal proceedings in this delicate affair, the interest of the Belt case will be eclipsed.

EUROPEANS AND NATIVES IN INDIA.—The Viceroy of India is, with rare exceptions, and those not so successful as to invite repetition, a fresh importation from England, whereas his local advisers have grown bald or greyheaded under the Indian sun. Hence a not unfrequent divergence in the respective views of the chief and of his subordinates, especially in matters wherein the interests of Europeans and natives appear to be at variance. It is noteworthy that in such cases it is the administrator newly-arrived from Europe who is prone to favour the native at the expense of his own countrymen. Distance lends enchantment to the view. The people who live in New England and in the Eastern States generally, where Red Indians are practically unknown, are far better friends to the red men of the West than the settlers and miners of Arizona or New Mexico; and if the natives of South Africa or New Zealand allege a grievance it is more warmly taken up in London than at Pietermaritzburg or Wellington. In like manner, the Governor-General of India, looking at that vast region as a whole, sees multitudes of natives, and only a handful of Europeans; and, as he is usually a man of benevolence, as well as of ambition, he would like to signalise his brief term of office by helping to improve the condition of these millions of dusky men and women. Lord Lytton, it will be remembered, punished with what some considered as undue severity assaults by Europeans on natives. Lord Ripon is at least equally anxious to raise the status and increase the privileges of the natives. He is preparing to introduce local self-government, and now he desires to place Europeans under the jurisdiction of native magistrates. Experienced Anglo-Indians shake their heads, and pray that the Viceroy may not be travelling too fast. The natives of India have many estimable qualities, but, partly owing to the fact that they have been for ages under the dominion of alien conquerors, they are, as a rule, lacking in the qualities which are required in a model magistrate. Now, in an up-country district, the native magistrate who has to decide in a case where a European is concerned, ought to be a very model man. Perjury in India is so elaborate as to deserve the rank of a fine art, and bribery is dear to the Oriental mind. The native's best European friends, perhaps, after all, are the men who live among them for the sake of growing tea and indigo, and it would be a thousand pities if such men were to be frightened away by the doubt whether, in case of a dispute, they could feel sure of obtaining substantial justice.

BANKRUPTCY.—*Punch* has a picture this week of a jovial gentleman who has "been through the Court" mockingly commiserating the woes of his creditors. At present, the incident is too real to be humorous. Are we unduly sanguine in believing that a day may come when, owing to improved legislation, such a condition of things as *Punch* has depicted may be deemed incredible? At all events, the utterances of Mr. Chamberlain on this subject as delivered at Swansea last week indicate the probability of a genuine reform. Hitherto, bankruptcy legislation has been more or less of a failure, and the failure has been chiefly due to this cause, namely, that the framers of the successive Acts, regarding bankruptcy as in itself something unavoidable, have simply endeavoured to arrange for the speedy and economical distribution of the debtor's assets among his creditors. At one time this process was carried out by official assignees, while latterly the duty has been transferred to the creditors themselves. Under neither system has the result been satisfactory. Under the old régime, the estate was devoured by fees and other official expenses; under the new system, the bulk of the creditors, being unable to spare the time to follow up their debt, either put up with a total loss or resignedly accept some infinitesimal dividend. Now what we like about Mr. Chamberlain in this connection is his thoroughness. He goes to the root of the matter, and, be it remembered, he is no mere study-theorist, but a business man, and the representative of a great commercial community. He begins at the beginning. He would make bankruptcy less common by surrounding it with possible pains and penalties. He compares the bankrupt to the captain of a shipwrecked vessel. The mere fact that the master of a ship has lost or damaged her is sufficient to ensure an official inquiry as to how it happened. The captain may be able to clear himself from blame, or he may not. In the latter case he is liable to punishment. So should it be, says Mr. Chamberlain, with the bankrupt. He proposes that in every case of insolvency there should be an impartial and judicial inquiry into the cause of the bankruptcy. If Mr. Chamberlain can, as we sincerely hope, carry these views into practical effect, important results will follow. The vast majority of commercial failures result either from bad management, reckless

trading, or downright roguery. In very few cases is the bankrupt the victim of unavoidable misfortune. And in the long run the public pays for all this fun. Manufacturers and shopkeepers levy an extra percentage on their profits as a margin against bad debts. If Mr. Chamberlain can frame and carry a really workable Bankruptcy Act, his name will deserve to go down to posterity as one of the chief benefactors of the century.

MYSTERIOUS GIRLS.—There is something very odd and uncomfortable in the recent appearances and disappearances of very young girls. The imagination shrinks from attempting to reconstruct the history of the poor child whose body was lately found in a starch-box. That she was murdered seems certain, that she was murdered with circumstances of great cruelty seems probable. Worse than all, as no one has missed this girl, as no search was made for her, as no one has recognised her, it is a natural inference that she was destroyed by the people who knew her best, and ought most to have cherished her. A story not much less unpleasant is told by a correspondent of the *Daily News*. This gentleman, writing from Bromley in Kent, says that in September or October last a young girl was found, apparently at the point of death, on one of the commons in the neighbourhood of Bromley. "Her condition was terrible, and defies all description." At the Bromley Workhouse she was carefully and kindly nursed, and restored to life. She is apparently about fifteen years of age, has given different names, and absolutely refuses to say who her parents are, whence she came, or how she wandered to a suburban common and nearly starved to death there. She is pretty, well educated, and was not badly dressed. Two hypotheses suggest themselves, the first that the child has been cruelly treated at home; the second, that she has been drawn away from home or, perhaps, kidnapped, and is ashamed to return. The correspondent who tells this story in the *Daily News* believes that the girl "will wander off again to avoid identity," meaning to avoid being identified. Altogether it seems that mysteries as difficult to unravel as the story of the "Woman in White" are not absolutely unknown in real life. Other "mysterious disappearances" from that extraordinary place West Ham admit of easier explanation.

NON-INTERVENTION.—"I hope," said Mr. Courtney the other day at Liskeard, "that there are some few of us still left in England who believe in the old-fashioned doctrine of the Liberal party, the doctrine of non-intervention." It would have been interesting if Mr. Courtney had gone on to explain at what particular period the doctrine of non-intervention was a doctrine of the Liberal party. That it was, and is, maintained by a certain school of Radicals everybody knows; but if Mr. Courtney could show that it has ever been held by the Liberal party as a whole, he would change all the current ideas of modern English history. It can hardly be pretended that non-intervention was a Liberal principle when the foreign policy of England was controlled by Lord John Russell and by Lord Palmerston. There has been much talk about non-intervention since Mr. Gladstone inherited the authority of these statesmen; but during the Franco-German war, it was Mr. Gladstone who incurred serious obligations for the protection of the neutrality of Belgium; and, when he succeeded Lord Beaconsfield, one of his first acts was to take steps for securing the rights of Greece and Montenegro. These proceedings can hardly be regarded as illustrations of non-intervention; and, to most people, it seems that we have lately had a very decided case of intervention in the war in Egypt, which has commanded the admiration of the great majority of the Liberal party. Mr. Courtney tried to offer a definition of non-intervention that would cover such exceptional measures as the suppression of Arabi Pasha; but plain men find it hard to understand how we can be non-interventionists and yet undertake costly military expeditions. The truth is that the Liberal party does not consider itself bound by any dogma, or set of dogmas, in its treatment of questions connected with our international relations. It does not like intervention for which Tories are responsible; but, when in power, its leaders claim the right to maintain the interests of the country without regard to the rules laid down by rigid philanthropists.

THE SKELETON ARMY.—The history of the rise and progress of the Salvation Army is well known; but that of their rivals, despite some professed revelations, is wrapped in obscurity. According to some accounts the Skeletons are simply the juvenile roughs who are to be found in every city and town, and their organisation is of the most elementary character, consisting chiefly of a travesty of the Salvationist wardrobe and marching out. According to others, one of whom is a member of the St. Luke's Vestry the Skeletons are encouraged and paid by the publicans. This gentleman indeed avers that he has seen "Skeletons" coming out of "pubs," entering in their note-books sums of money which they have received from the landlords. In any case, whether this perpetual apparition of Skeletons is spontaneous, or is the effect of other people's promptings, it is purely mischievous. They do not gather together, like the Salvationists, for any worthy purpose. Their mission is to make a row, and they are invariably the aggressors. Still, it is worth remembering that if there had been no Salvationists there would have been no Skeletons. Are the Salvationists doing so much good as to warrant all the disturbance and bad blood which their

presence everywhere causes? The Eagle Tavern, for instance, was never such a nuisance to the City Road in its regenerate days as it is now. As one of the St. Luke's vestrymen pertinently observed, "What with Salvation, Skeleton, and Blue Ribbon processions and meetings, the general public are in danger of losing the free use of the public highways." The authorities in Switzerland may possibly, as is alleged, have been actuated by anti-religious motives; but they have certainly, judging by English experience, contributed to the maintenance of the public peace by refusing to tolerate the Salvation Army.

TORISM IN SCOTLAND.—The Tories were delighted, and not a little surprised, by the success of their candidate in East Lothian. That Lord Elcho would defeat Mr. Finlay was generally expected; but nobody supposed that he would secure a larger majority than any that had ever voted for his father. This brilliant triumph has suggested to some Tory politicians that, after all, their cause in Scotland may not be so hopeless as they had imagined; and a few sanguine Conservatives have even been prophesying that at the next general election the Radicals will lose many seats which they have hitherto regarded as absolutely secure. These hopes are excited chiefly by the present state of the controversy with regard to Disestablishment in Scotland. There can be no doubt that this question is causing very serious division among Scottish Liberals. Those Liberals who belong to the United Presbyterian Church and to the advanced section of the Free Church insist that the time for Disestablishment has come; whereas the majority of Liberals in the Established Church and many Liberals in the Free Church were never more enthusiastic than they are now in supporting the principle in virtue of which the existing system is maintained. If the question were made a test question at the next general election, it is probable that the Tories would profit by the disputes of their opponents in some constituencies; but in most parts of Scotland the popular sentiment is so overwhelmingly in favour of Liberalism, that even the appearance of hostile Liberal candidates would not produce any very serious change in the present relations of parties. Besides, there will soon be a formidable agitation for thorough inquiry into the land system of the Highlands and Islands; and this is not a question regarding which the Conservatives are likely to be in sympathy with the mass of the Scottish people.

NIHILISM AND THE CZAR.—Arrangements are at last being made for the Coronation of the Czar; and the ceremony will, no doubt, excite much genuine interest among the Russian people. We hear so much of the Nihilists that we are apt to forget the silent millions who know nothing of revolution or revolutionists, and who retain all the simple loyalty of their forefathers to the head of the State. After all, however, it is a true instinct that leads people to direct attention chiefly to the party of action; for all history proves that if an idea stirs the devotion of a few earnest and resolute men, its ultimate triumph will not necessarily be prevented by the negative opposition of the masses of their countrymen. Whatever faults the Nihilists may have, it must at least be admitted that they are earnest and resolute; and what is equally important—they are now fighting for a definite scheme. The name of the party is very misleading. It is often supposed that because they are called Nihilists they aim merely at the destruction of the existing social order; but in reality their object is to replace the existing social order by what they conceive to be a higher system. Thoroughgoing Nihilists are Socialists of the class represented by Karl Marx; the only difference between them being that while Karl Marx and his friends are not in favour of violent measures, the Nihilists consider that all means of attaining their end are legitimate. Fanatics of this kind the Czar cannot, of course, hope to conciliate; but he might do something to remove or mitigate the evils which afford an excuse to the Nihilists for their agitation. Unfortunately there are not many signs that he realises the necessity for drastic reform in the methods of administration. The principle of representation has not yet been recognised; and, according to all the most trustworthy authorities, the public service is still thoroughly corrupt.

RAILWAY FOOT WARMERS.—So much has material civilization advanced in England that a canful of tepid water may be occasionally obtained by fortunate or generous travellers by rail. On other occasions neither love nor money can procure the more or less inadequate "foot-warmer." They order these things otherwise, if not better, however burning the sun may be on the line. The most ardent kind are invariably provided. There is usually a little room for them in the netting overhead, so passengers who dislike being grilled commonly push them under the seats. There they add to the general atmosphere of heat, but they do not actually burn the soles off the boots of the passengers. M. Ancelin has discovered a system of making the water even better. If it be true that tortures are commonly applied in Russian prisons, the discovery of M. Ancelin will be warmly welcomed in Russia. Here, in England, it might be more properly applied to prevent our foot-warmer from attaining the lukewarmness which is the London and North-Western Railway have applied M. Ancelin's invention to promoting the comfort of passengers. Crystalline acetate of soda is the material used, but we must

be very careful to avoid surfusion and supersaturation, than which, indeed, what can be less desirable? Muffs, it is said, may be treated in the same scientific manner. Perhaps some method of treating the keys of pianos may be discovered by M. Ancelin. He will then earn the gratitude of blue-fingered little school-girls, who at present endure things intolerable when they practise on icy-chill pianos in gaunt and fireless school-rooms. According to Brahmanic philosophy, the throne on which Indra sits becomes unpleasantly warm when a good man is in calamity. Probably this phenomenon, so puzzling to the philosopher, may now be explained. A brain-wave, or nervous current, initiated by the virtuous sufferer, sets in vibration the crystalline acetate of soda which is in the universe, and, while carefully shunning supersaturation, produces the desired effect.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA TWO-PAGE SUPPLEMENT—"GESE OF THE CAPITOL," from the Picture by HENRI MOTTE, and "ALONE," drawn by FRANK HOLL, A.R.A.

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ROYAL NAVAL HOSPITAL, MALTA

THE Royal Naval Hospital at Malta is situated on one of the numerous headlands of that remarkable island. It stands at Bighi, named after a famous Prior Bichi, who built a vast country house here about 1650. He died of plague in 1676, and is buried in an adjoining church. Long before his day, however, the Phœnicians knew this headland, as inscriptions found here, and which are now in the British Museum, clearly prove. In 1830 Prior Bichi's house was converted into this noble institution. King William IV. was greatly interested in the matter, and the works were under the superintendence of Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm. There are residences for the medical officers, chaplain, matron, and others connected with the Hospital. The grounds are tastefully laid out, and accommodation is provided for 50 officers and 224 men in 24 "cabins" and 16 wards. The view from the Hospital is one of the finest in Malta. Dr. Dick is the present Deputy-Inspector-General in charge. As he was not in Egypt with a sword on, but only contented himself with hard work at his own profession by day and by night, he of course remains undecorated for war services, even by a bare medal. Lieutenant Pirie, mentioned in our issue of the 30th December, succumbed to his wounds, and was buried with full military honours on the 6th January.—Our engraving is taken from a photograph by Borg, Malta, and is sent to us by Mr. Robert Nelson, Fleet Surgeon, H.M.S. *Téméraire*.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE SOUTH

THE festivities attending the Silver Wedding of the Imperial Prince and Princess of Germany having been postponed owing to the death of Prince Charles of Prussia, the Prince of Wales has taken the opportunity to snatch a short holiday from his multitudinous labours, and accordingly has been spending the past week or so at Cannes. This watering-place, which owes its celebrity to Lord Brougham, and the thousands of his countrymen who have since followed the example of the great statesman, has not justified its reputation this season as one of the mildest winter resorts of the "Sunny South." East winds have chilled the visitors to the bone, and heavy rains have done their best to keep even the amphibious English at home. Still, the presence of the Prince, of Mr. Gladstone, and a host of stars of lesser magnitude have made the season, socially speaking, one of the brightest on record. The Prince arrived on Saturday week, and has been freely taking part in the Carnival gaieties, in addition to visiting and lunching with Mr. Gladstone. He has been this week to Nice, where he watched the Carnival procession, himself being the object of various floral missiles, and in a mask and domino taking part in the Shrove-tide procession. He afterwards witnessed the display of fireworks from the Prefect's box in the Tribune of Honour. He has paid a flying visit to Monaco. To return to Cannes, the Prince has been staying at the Hotel du Pavillon, which forms the subject of one of our illustrations. Another shows the Promenade des Anglais, Nice, one of the most picturesque of the many lovely walks in that most fashionable of Riviera resorts. Mr. Gladstone witnessed the Carnival procession from the balcony of the Prefecture, where, owing to his tall hat, the only one in Nice, he was a general mark for volleys of confetti. He did not return the fire; but Mrs. and Miss Gladstone were extremely energetic in throwing the traditional sweetmeats at the crowd beneath.—Our engravings are from photographs by an amateur, Mr. F. Beasley, jun.

THE DANISH NORTH-POLAR EXPEDITION

IN 1882 only one Expedition left the shores of Europe for the purpose of penetrating to the North Pole. This was the Danish Expedition in the steamer *Dijmphna*, commanded by Lieutenant A. Hovgaard, of the Royal Danish Navy, who was a member of Baron Nordenskjöld's Expedition in the *Vega*, 1879-80. The *Dijmphna* is 100 feet in length, twenty-three feet in width, and draws, when fully equipped, ten feet of water. She has been specially fortified for the voyage, her bow and sides being, to the water line, just two feet in thickness, and she is considered very handy for the purpose in view. Lieutenant Hovgaard left Copenhagen on July 18th of last year, with the object of reaching Port Dickson before the winter. From here he would start this year along the coast to Cape Chelyuskin, then cross to Franz Josef Land, which he believed to be a mainland stretching to the Pole, and attempt to penetrate along the same.

When we last heard from Lieutenant Hovgaard he had, however, only just entered the Kara Sea, in company with the Norwegian steamer *Varna*, with the Dutch Meteorological Expedition on board, also bound for Port Dickson; here he became beset in the pack, and frozen in on September 17. This information was brought by Captain Dallmann, of the steamer *Louise*, which, unable to get through the Kara Sea, returned to Norway at the end of September last. Since that date no news whatever has come to hand of the fate of the vessel. Lately a report has appeared in the Russian press to the effect that the wreck of a vessel, believed to be that of the *Dijmphna*, had been discovered by Samoyedes south of the island of Waigatch. This has now, however, been proved, both by the Swedish-Norwegian Consul at Arkangelsk, and the Governor of that place, to refer to the wreck of a Russian whaler.

There seems really no cause for any apprehension as to the fate of the vessel, as in all probability she got free early in October during the equinoctial gales, and safely reached her winter quarters. This was the opinion expressed by Lieutenant Hovgaard in his last report, and it is shared by such authorities as Baron Nordenskjöld.

Added to this, the Expedition is provisioned for two years and a half, and provided with dogs, sleighs, and portable boats, so that if she had met with any mishap the party would easily have reached the coast of Siberia.

The Danish Polar Expedition has been equipped almost entirely at the expense of a Danish Mæcenat, Herr Augustin Gamél, of Copenhagen, whose intention it is, should the *Dijmphna* discover a route northwards, but be unable to proceed further than the north of Franz Josef Land, to send out a second Expedition in the summer of 1885 to follow up such a discovery. For this arrangements have partly been made, and the necessary funds are already provided.

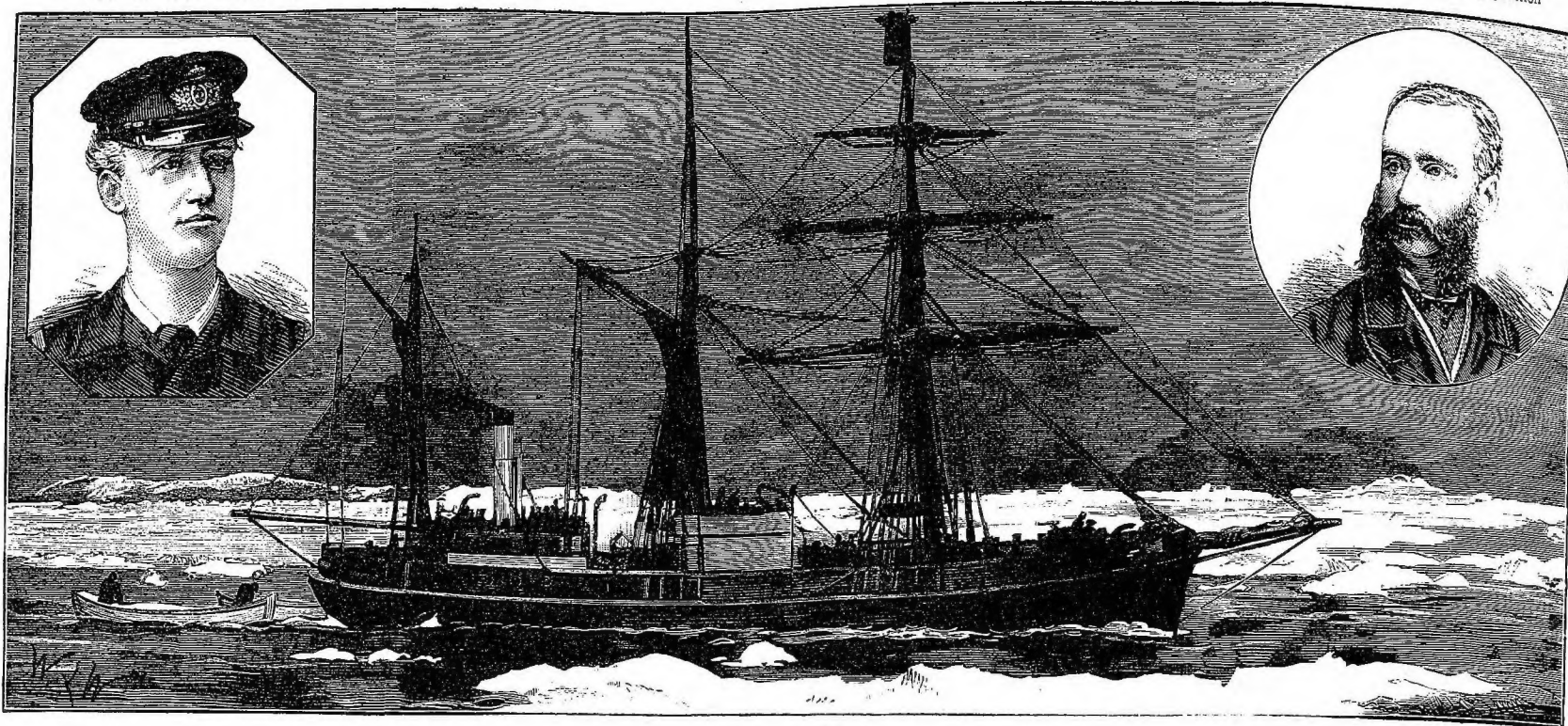
Herr Gamél has also offered the Danish Admiralty—which has given 2,500*l.* towards the Expedition—and the Dutch Government to equip and despatch, at his sole expense, a "Search and Relief Expedition" to scour the coast of Siberia, with a view to ascertain if all is well with the *Dijmphna* as well as the *Varna*. As there is, however, no immediate apprehension of any mishap to either vessel, the despatch of the same has been postponed at present, but all arrangements are already completed, both in Copenhagen and St. Petersburg, for the Expedition to start at twelve hours' notice.

By the courtesy of Herr Gamél we shall be enabled from time to time to give our readers an account of Lieutenant Hovgaard's interesting voyage in the Arctic regions, and place before them illustrations of the same drawn by an artist on board, as well as sketches depicting the journey of the Search and Relief Expedition—when despatched—across the Siberian wilderness.

We are indebted to Herr Gamél for the illustrations which we

LIEUT. HOVGAARD
The Commander of the Expedition

HERR AUGUSTIN GAMÉL
Who Sent Out the Expedition

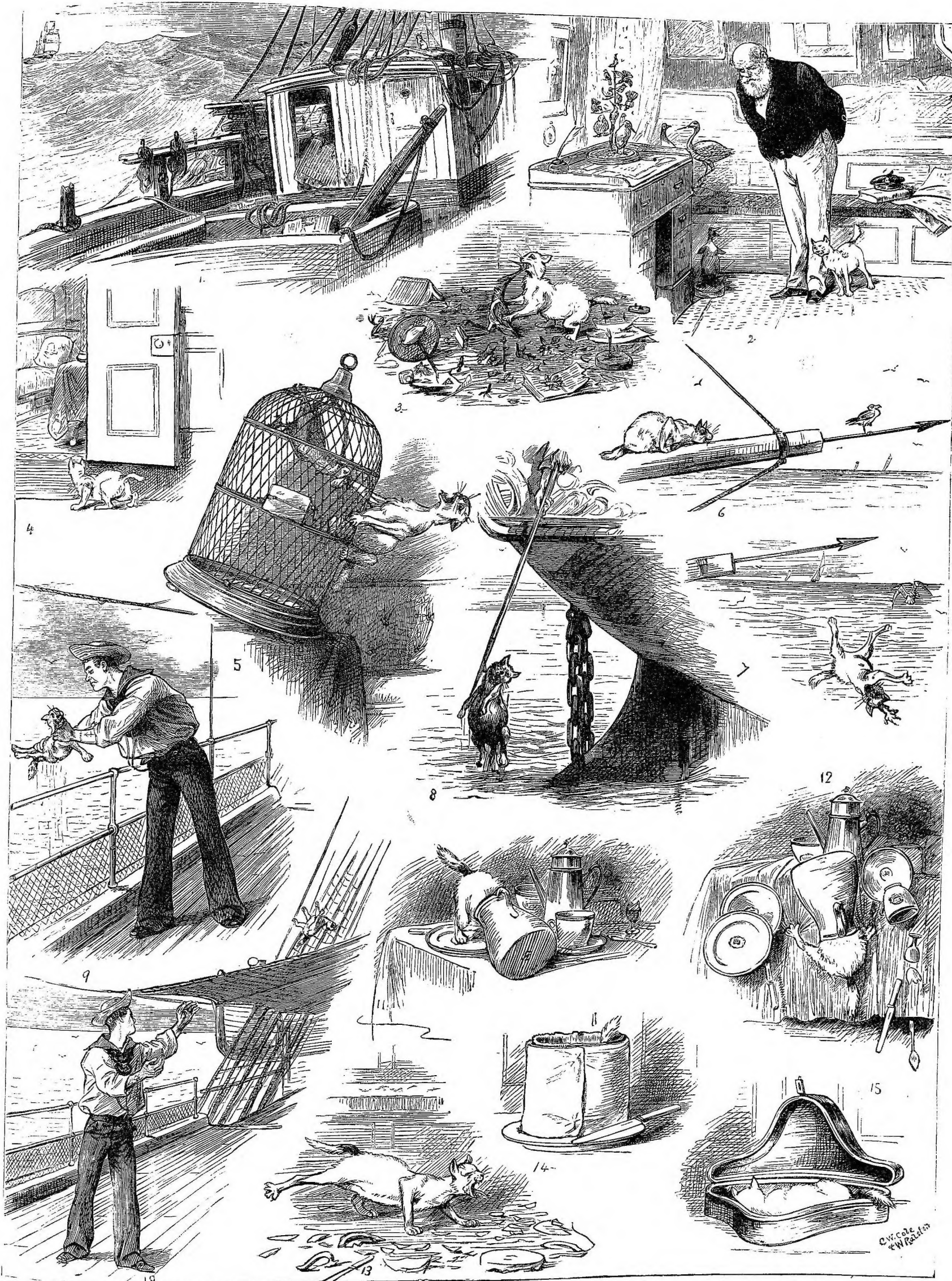


THE "DIJMPHNA"

THE DANISH NORTH-POLAR EXPEDITION



THE RESTORATION OF CETEWAYO — THE MILITARY ESCORT CROSSING THE TUGELA ON THEIR WAY TO MEET THE KING



1. We Found Him on Board a Derelict in Mid-Ocean.—2. Somehow He Managed to Get Round an Ancient Officer, who was also a Bit of a Naturalist.—3. Next Day He had a Field Day among the Specimens.—4. He then "Went For" the Captain's Parrot.—5. The Captain's Parrot "Went For" Him.—6. He Afterwards Tried for a Gull.—7. Unfortunately the Gull had Another Engagement.—8. Some Hours Afterwards He was Discovered and Hauled on Board.—9. Wrung Out, &c.—10. Thrown Up on the Awning to Dry.—11. When Dry He was Thirsty.—12. The Result was that the Ancient Officer had Various Articles Debited Against Him in the "Extra Book."—13. Pussy at Last Decided to Lie Down.—14. First He Tried the Stilton, but (15) Finally Settled down in that Impossible-to-be-tidily-fitted-in-anywhere Article, a Cocked-Hat-Box.

THE NAUTICAL ADVENTURES OF A CAT

publish in the present issue. The portrait of Herr Gamél is from a photograph by Hansen and Weller, 15, Ostergade, and that of Lieutenant Hovgaard by E. Hohlenberg, 1, Ostergade, Copenhagen.

KING CETEWAYO'S ESCORT CROSSING THE TUGELA

KING CETEWAYO, who has now been reinstated in his kingdom, was conveyed in a British vessel from Cape Town to Port Durnford. There he landed, and was duly escorted by a detachment of British troops to Ulundi, where Sir Theophilus Shepstone formally handed over to him the reins of Government. The escort, which served the purpose both of a guard of honour and of showing the natives that the King was being restored under British protection, was mainly composed of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, under the command of Col. Curtis. Our sketch is by an officer of the escort, and represents the troops crossing the River Tugela on their way to meet the King at Port Durnford. He writes on December 29th, "We arrived here yesterday, and crossed at once, as the river was quite fordable. The waggon, &c., to the number of sixty, are coming over still, and will take two days altogether. A troop of seventy was sent over first, and then a second. The men crossed in their shirts, with their legs bare. The Mounted Infantry, eighty strong, crossed this morning."

THE NAUTICAL ADVENTURES OF A CAT

ARE sufficiently explained by the titles appended.

THE MURDER LEAGUE IN DUBLIN

THE little Court House at Kilmainham was again crowded on Saturday at the adjourned examination of the Fenian prisoners. The reporters, warned by previous experience, were at the doors half an hour before the opening, and by twelve the galleries were crowded with well-dressed spectators, many of whom had brought their luncheons with them, fearful to lose a tithe of an examination which it was known would chiefly turn on the complicity of the accused in the murders of the 6th of May. The magistrates and counsel were the same as before, but the leadership of the defence was now entrusted to the sole direction of Dr. Webb, Q.C. The eight who made their appearance in the dock—the petty jury-box employed the previous Saturday being now given up to the reporters—were Brady, T. Kelly, and Edward Hanlon (three of the reported assailants of Mr. Field), E. O'Brien, E. M'Caffrey, James Carey, T.C., and his brother Peter, and P. Doyle. The Chief Clerk having read out the charge that the prisoners "did, on the 6th of May, 1882, feloniously, wilfully, and of their malice aforethought kill and murder Lord Frederick Cavendish and Thomas Henry Burke," J. Fitzsimons, a "respectable-looking old man," deposed that he had found two large knives and a rifle on July 6 under some rubbish in a loft over a room rented by him from the prisoner James Carey, whom he had frequently seen ascending to the loft by means of a ladder. These knives had been taken away by Inspector Smith on the 29th, and the same night the loft had been visited by the wife,

of 576 superficial feet was covered with squares of white and black cloth, and on this "chequer" were displayed the chessmen, who were made, not of ivory or boxwood, but of flesh and blood. The pawns were dressed as Tudor pages, in slashed and puffed tunics; the queens were in Elizabethan dresses; the kings wore long velvet cloaks; the knights had morions and breastplates; the bishops wore copes and mitres; the rooks had pasteboard castles as head-dresses.

The players who were to direct the movements of this gallant array were seated at a little table on a dais at one end of the hall, and the moves they made on the ordinary chess-board between them were called out alternately by two young sergeants from the Winchester depot of the 60th Rifles.

Full accounts of the games played were given in the *Times* and *Morning Post* of Saturday last. It was rather wearisome work for the living chessmen, although on an average less than a minute elapsed between each move of the various games.

The proceeds were to be applied, partly to paying off a debt on St. Lawrence's Church, and partly to the funds of the Winchester Association for the Care of Friendless Girls, an institution which has benefited over 200 young persons since it was opened.

The pieces were represented by members of the King's Royal Rifles, dressed by Harrison Brothers, of Bow Street, Covent Garden. The most exciting game was the last, between Mr. Chipperfield, of Southampton, and Mr. Spencer Clarke, of Andover. The latter won in a masterly manner after a very keen contest.

The sketches from which our engraving is taken were forwarded by Captain A. H. Drummond.

THE DUKE OF ALBANY AT COLCHESTER

ON Friday week the Duke of Albany visited Colchester in order to instal Lord Brooke, M.P., as Provincial Grand Master of Freemasons in Essex. The Duke was received at the station by Major-General White, the Commanding Officer of the Eastern District, and his Staff, and the Reception Committee. A guard of honour was formed of the Colchester Volunteers under Captain Howard, and the Duke was escorted as he drove to the Masonic Lodge (held at the new Soldiers' Home) by a squadron of the 7th Hussars. The streets were also lined with troops. On his way the Duke halted at the Town Hall, where some members of the Town Council were introduced to him, though, as he had desired that his visit should be considered private, no address was presented. The Duke having arrived at the Soldiers' Home the Lodge was opened in due form, and then the Duke of Albany made the following announcement: "This Province having unfortunately become vacant by the lamented death of Brother Lord Tenterden, the Most Worshipful Grand Master has been pleased to appoint Brother Lord Brooke Provincial Grand Master, and it is for this purpose that we are met here to-day. Brother Provincial Grand Master of Ceremonies, will you bring in the Patent of the Provincial Grand Master Designate?" The Patent having been read, the Provincial Grand Master was introduced, and conducted to the Chair by the Duke. After various business had been transacted, there was a luncheon at the Town Hall, under the Presidency of Lord Brooke, at which the Duke of Albany was present; and the Duke then went to Easton Lodge, Dunmow,

where he was the guest of Lord and Lady Brooke.—Our engraving of Lord Brooke's residence is from a photograph by Mr. Stacey, Dunmow.

THE SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION

See page 154

CARRIAGE ACCIDENT NEAR NICE

A FEW days ago a lady and gentleman were driving home from Nice to Monaco along the new road which passes through Ville Franche and Beaulieu, when, as they were descending towards Ville Franche, the horse shied at something, and dashed into a prickly pear hedge which lined the road. The lady and gentleman were thrown out, and horse, carriage, and all went over the precipice 150 feet. The horse was caught by some trees which entangled his harness, but the carriage fell into the bay and sank. Although the travellers fell on jagged rocks both were reported by last accounts to be getting on satisfactorily.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Samuel Holden, Nice.

A CORNISH FOX HUNT

THE cliff fox, lean, hungry, and long-legged, who has to travel far and work hard for a living, is usually in excellent condition of wind and limb. A very different animal from that miserable little beggar, the French vineyard fox, huddled from Leadenhall Street in a box labelled "Birds" (what satire!) the night before the show meet. A poor bewildered foreigner like this cannot show a shadow of the sport which is afforded by a genuine old silver-grey-back "earthed" among the slates of Tintagel.

Cliff-hunting is not strict chasing, for no horse ever foaled can get to some of the favoured "earths" under the rubble-heaps; but the sport is not to be despised. It takes a good man on a good horse to get to the end of most of the runs with the Western, the Four Burrow, the North Cornwall, Mr. Coryton's, or Mr. George Lobbs's.

At this season of the year, when young rabbits have become adult, when young puffsins and gulls are as yet unhatched, and when there are no staggering yellow lambkins, Master Reynard has to travel inland in search of a henroost. With a comfortably full stomach he is, perhaps, dozing away the effects of his midnight banquet, when he is aroused by the thrusting and prying noses of a congregation of spotted dogs. Away for dear life! Away down the face of an almost perpendicular precipice overlooking the blue Atlantic, into which he devoutly hopes the pursuing horde may make a final and fatal plunge. How he wishes he had feasted more wisely and not so well! That last chicken has spoilt his wind. At last he slips underground in an opportune "clitter" of stones. But "though lost to sight" he is "to memory dear." Those keen-nosed hounds have marked down his asylum, and before his portals a consultation is held as to the best means of "drawing" him.

This is effected by means of a crowbar, a shovel, and a pickaxe or two from an adjacent village. The pillars of his sanctuary are hurled fathoms deep into the roaring brine below, and at length his front door is widened sufficiently to allow of his being personally interviewed. The interview is not pleasant for Reynard, seeing that he is unceremoniously deprived of "brush," "pads," and "pate," and is summarily added to the Foxes' Book of Martyrs.

"ALONE"

THE rendering of pathos is one of Mr. Holl's strong points, and he has seldom drawn a scene more truly pathetic than that which is here depicted. As far as this world is concerned, the poor little child is literally alone. The mother—probably neither a very wise nor a very reputable mother, but nevertheless a mother—is dead. She lies in the parish coffin, and the poor little thing is stunned by the event. Not that he realises it—he only knows that mother, who the other day could move and talk, and to whom he looked for his scanty supply of food, now lies cold, and silent, and motionless. Here, indeed, is genuine orphanhood.

"THE GEESE OF THE CAPITOL"

M. HENRI MOTTE has chosen a popular subject for his painting. The legend of how the dogs slept, and the sacred geese of Juno by

their cackling aroused brave Marcus Manlius and the sleeping garrison of the Roman Capitol, when the long-haired Gauls were clambering up the walls, is a favourite story with all statesmen and Roman history. Livy thus relates the incident:—"The Gauls, however, and so climbed to the spot—so silently that they did not even awake the dogs, notwithstanding their habitual watchfulness. The Gauls did not escape the notice of the geese of the Capitol, which, being sacred to Juno, had not been eaten, notwithstanding that the Romans had been sadly in want of food. This regard for sacred things proved the salvation of Rome. For a certain Marcus Manlius, being awakened by their cries and the flapping of their wings, hastened forth, seizing his arms and calling to his comrades to follow him." From this time the goose was revered as a sacred bird by the Romans, who also annually sacrificed a dog in memory of this incident in a picturesque and singularly interesting manner. The rough, long-haired barbarians from the North are admirably depicted, the ingenious method by which they are mounting to the summit is cleverly indicated, while the columns of the state Capitol, seemingly deserted by all save Juno's geese and the sacred Capitoline Wolf, stand out in the moonlight with most striking effect.

"LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA"

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by Sydenham Hall, is continued on page 157.

CATCHING CONGERS OFF THE COAST OF CORNWALL

"CONGERS," writes the late Frank Buckland in his admirable little book on "British Fishes," "are eels which are found in Cornwall, Devonshire, Jersey and Guernsey, Ireland, in parts of France where they are washed by the Gulf Stream, and in considerable numbers amid the chalk rocks at the bottom of the sea near Dover." The same eminent pisciculturist also tells us that congers are exceeding voracious, and that on their stomachs being examined crabs and lobsters—of which, by the way, they are exceedingly fond—together with pilchards, dabs, soles, plaice, wevers, herrings, and mackerel have been found amongst their contents. They have even been known to attack and swallow a maw were the best sturgeons, the monk fish, the skate, and a huge turbot. The best bait, however, for them is cuttle-fish. They are tremendous breeders, the eggs found in one large female amounting to between fourteen and fifteen millions. Fortunately only a few come to maturity, so it is thought the conger spawn forms a food of crabs and other small inhabitants of the sea. Our sketch represents some incidents in a night's Conger Fishing on the coast of Cornwall. The fishing is generally conducted during the night, the congers biting most freely during the darkest nights. The favourite bait, as we have said, is squid or cuttle-fish. There is often a difficulty in procuring cuttle-fish, and when they are caught they require careful handling, as they have a disagreeable trick of squirting with excellent aim an inky fluid into the face of the fisherman. The tackle used is a long line, and when this is hauled the congers curl their tails so as to hang back in the water, and when in the boat try to get out by curling their tails over the side. To get them into the boat the fishermen have an enormous "beal" or "prule," i.e., a gaff hook. When secured they are terrible fellows to bite, and in the words of a fisherman, "It's no use knocking them on their great heads no more than a great bull; just hit 'em a sharp smack on the belly, and that turns 'em up directly, because all their blood lays there." Our artist writes, "When one of the large fellows is, after a severe struggle, hauled on board, there is frequently a rough-and-tumble fight before he is despatched by having his backbone cut through." The conger grows to a great size, some weighing fifty to sixty pounds, and being six feet long. They are terribly sensitive to frost, and in the cold weather keep in as deep water as possible, being in a semi-torpid state. Should they ascend to the surface, the cold acts in such a way upon their air-bladders that they are unable to descend, and so fall an easy prey to the fishermen. As we have said, conger fishing generally takes place during the darkest nights, and consequently the danger of being run down by passing vessels is a constant source of anxiety, and, as our illustration shows, compels the crew to be continually on the look-out. One word more about congers. Mr. Frank Buckland essayed to prove some years since that Virgil's sea-snakes which devoured Laocoon might have been suggested to him by having seen some monster congers disporting in the sea.

SKATING IN THE ENGADINE

"To those who like bracing air, the winter climate of St. Moritz, in the Engadine, is most delightful. It presents a singular combination of frost and warmth. The average temperature at night during last winter was 15° Fahr., but between the hours of eleven and three the thermometer frequently stood at 80° or 90° in the sun, and sometimes much higher. It was a common thing for ladies to sit out of doors at their work or reading without any jacket or additional clothing, and with a white umbrella over their heads, while at the same time, owing to the great dryness of the air and the rapid evaporation, the ice was always perfectly dry, and the snow quite free from moisture. Occasional breaks in the weather of course take place, and snow falls, but between these there are generally long successions of glorious weather. Out of sixty-two days we had fifty-six dry and still, cloudless and brilliant. The journey is an easy one. It is accomplished in three days and two nights from London, one of the latter being comfortably passed at Chur. The best route is via Dover, Calais, and Laon, to Basle. The skating is a positive certainty from the second week in December to about the second week in March, but the most favourable time for skating on the black ice of the lakes is between December 10th and January 10th, subject, of course, to the variations of snowfall and temperatures of different seasons. Independently of the lakes, capital skating may always be enjoyed, as there are two well-managed rinks with ample means of frequently renewing the surface by flooding. Sledge excursions may be made to the various passes in the neighbourhood, and when the lakes are in order picnics on the ice are very attractive. Tobogganing is in full swing every day from four o'clock, sometimes also by moonlight."—Our engraving, and from photographs sent to us by Mr. James B. Delap, of the Carlton Club.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,643 deaths were registered, against 1,548 during the previous seven days, a rise of 95, but being 369 below the average, and at the rate of 217 per 1,000. There were 5 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 3), 28 from measles (a fall of 5), 45 from scarlet fever (an increase of 5), 20 from diphtheria (a fall of 4), 35 from whooping-cough (a decline of 2), 3 from typhus fever (a decrease of 1), 15 from enteric fever (a decline of 2), 1 from ill-defined form of fever, and 19 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 6). Deaths referred to the respiratory organs numbered 382, a rise of 13, but 257 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 40 deaths, of which 33 were the result of negligence or accident, including 5 from scalds and burns, 2 from drowning, 3 from poison (one being that of an adult female from an overdose of laudanum), and 12 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,750 births registered against 2,670 during the previous week. The mean temperature of the air was 40.3 deg., and 0.1 deg. below the average.

CHESS WITH LIVING PIECES

THIS was a welcome variation from the usual plan of raising money for charitable purposes by means of a bazaar. The event took place on Friday, February 2nd, and the scene was the hall of the ancient City of Winchester. Here an area



THE approach of the Session has already been harbingered by the first Cabinet Council for the year, when all the Ministers, except the Premier, were present—Lord Derby and Sir C. Dilke taking their seats for the first time, and Earl Spencer also making his first appearance since his appointment to the Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland. The existence of a Fenian scare was evidenced by the presence of an extra force of police in Downing Street, and the attendance of special detectives on Earl Spencer and Lord Hartington. The precautions in the case of the Secretary for War are believed to date from the recent flying visit of Mr. Jenkinson to the metropolis. The Address in answer to the Speech from the Throne will be moved in the Upper House by the Earl of Durham, and seconded by Lord Reay; in the Commons by Mr. C. T. Dyke-Acland, seconded by Mr. Buchanan, M.P. for Edinburgh.—From Cannes still come satisfactory accounts of the amazing improvement in Mr. Gladstone's health. Eating well, sleeping well, and taking daily walks which might tire many younger men, the Premier has regained all his old elastic vigour. He is expected to arrive at Dover on Saturday next, and will give the usual full-dress dinner to the Mover and Second of the Address, the Speaker, and some forty Liberal members on the 14th.—Lord Salisbury has issued from St. Raphael the customary notice to his followers in the Peers; and Sir S. Northcote, now completely restored to health, is expected in England on Friday. Mr. Fawcett has written to the Liberal and Counties Union that he hopes to be back to work soon after the opening of Parliament; though Mrs. Fawcett, in a letter begging his Brighton friends not to press him to attend the postponed banquet of the Reform Bill jubilee, trusts he will not be called upon for some time yet to make any unnecessary exertion.—The election at Haddingtonshire has ended in a victory for the Conservatives, by which the party have been not a little comforted. Their majority in East Lothian, which had been declining for some time, and at the last election was only 44, has now again leaped up to 92. Nor is it so certain that this is simply due to the popularity of the young Lord Elcho, a clever speaker, and a young man of some promise, who took "a second" in the History School at Oxford, and accompanied Mr. Bourke as private secretary on his financial visit to Constantinople. If, indeed, as is said by many, the cause lies rather in Liberal divisions on the question of Disestablishment, the results in Haddingtonshire may repeat themselves elsewhere. In Ireland, the four seats which are already, or will shortly become vacant—Portlargo, by the elevation of the Hon. J. Fitzpatrick to the Peerage; Dublin County, by the demise of Colonel Taylor; Westmeath Tipperary, by the retirement of Messrs. Gill and Dillon—are expected, so far as the two former are concerned, to be the scene of some fierce fighting between Nationalists and Loyalists. For Dublin County, a stronghold of the Conservatives, Mr. Cecil and Mr. T. A. Guinness have both announced themselves as candidates.—The flood of extra-Parliamentary speeches which has flowed on throughout the week with increased volume, has borne little to the surface of very general interest. Mr. Chamberlain was amusing at the Dillwyn banquet last week at Swansea, where he admitted that his party had long arrears of work to make up, and sensible in his comments on the coming Bankruptcy Bill before the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Courtney was self-congratulatory at Liskeard on the course of events in Egypt, which had turned out just as he had predicted. As for Home Rule he failed to see in Ireland "any steady, firm, united desire" for such a measure, and believed the cry for it would pass away as the cry for Repeal had passed away.—At a great meeting of Conservatives in Dublin the Irish policy of the Government has been vigorously denounced by Mr. Plunket and Mr. Gibson. Worse even than unjust legislation has been the general demoralisation produced by it in the country—a demoralisation which has politically affected the middle-classes most of all, not that they love disloyalty for itself, but because they are gradually coming to think that disloyalty is the safer policy.—The Danubian Conference, which was to have been opened in London on the 5th, has unavoidably been postponed, in consequence of all the Plenipotentiaries not having yet received full powers from their respective countries.

THE CRY OF DISTRESS from the impoverished districts in Ireland has been this week less loudly raised, though of panaceas in the shape of re-afforesting, arterial drainage work, &c.—anything, in short, but emigration—there has, as usual, been no lack. The Lord Mayor is to receive a deputation on the subject on Thursday. In Wicklow it seems of far more consequence to subscribe for a testimonial (in money) to Mr. Parnell. One speaker expressed confidence that half a million would be collected in a few weeks.—In the Dublin Court of Bankruptcy on Tuesday the tenant's interest in a farm of twenty Irish acres, let at a yearly rent of 22*l.* 15*s.*, was sold for 1,100*l.*, or something like fifty years' purchase for the tenant-right. In the Landed Estates Court the landlord's interest in a Roscommon property (divided for convenience into four lots) found no bidders.—At the Commission Court the grand jury, after some delay, have found a true bill against Mr. W. O'Brien for "seditious libel." The case is to come on on Thursday. True bills were also found against Christopher Dowling for the murder of Detective Cox in Abbey Street.—Orders have been obtained for the issue of warrants against Messrs. Davitt, Quinn, and Healy. The last-named has visited his constituents at Wexford, and made an offer to resign his seat, on the ground that every vote is valuable, and that the separation need only be for a season. After many expressions of reluctance to entertain the question, it was finally referred to the next meeting of the local Home Rule Club. Returning to Dublin, Mr. Healy spoke at length at the first public meeting of the Irish National League (specially summoned to hear a report on the question of police intimidation), upon the Irish measures in the coming Session, above all a Land Law Amendment and a Local Government Bill.—Mr. Davitt, too, has said a few last words at the Imperial Hotel. The social question, he holds, must precede the National, as it is that on which the Irish may hope for aid from the industrial masses of Great Britain.—The Irish Land Corporation, meanwhile, has been reconstituted, and will make its first experiment on the evicted farms of Claremorris, County Limerick.—The selection of a new member for Tipperary will probably be left to the patriot Archbishop and the clergy.—Cardinal McCabe is seriously, but not, it is said, dangerously, ill of physical prostration at his residence in Monkstown.

THE QUESTION OF RESTRICTED OUTPUT IN THE COAL TRADE is again assuming a very serious shape, and notices have been issued for a conference at Manchester, which it is hoped will be attended by delegates from every coal district in the country. Admitting that as matters stand, any advance in wages beyond the 10 per cent. already conceded is impossible, the leaders hope to obtain their ends by in the first instance raising the price of coal by limiting the working days in the week to five—Saturday and Sunday being days of rest—and the time of work per diem to eight hours "from bank to bank." To this the masters unanimously reply that eight hours "from bank to bank" means little more than seven from "stall to

stall"—to the place, that is, where the miner works in the pit; that much damage may be done to the mine by its remaining idle for two consecutive days, allowing noxious gases to accumulate unperceived; and that the restriction of output contemplated would be most injurious to every trade where coal is required. At a meeting at Wrexham, representing some 6,000 miners of North Wales, a compromise was advocated limiting working days to five, but retaining the hours as at present. This, too, it was believed, would be at once rejected.

THERE WAS A RENEWAL OF THE STORM on Friday last, with a proportionate increase of floods and wrecks. The Thames, the Wye, and the Monnow have overflowed their banks, and in Swale-dale, in Yorkshire, much damage has been done; over 500 sheep, as well as horses and cattle, having been drowned. An unknown French smack was run down by the London and South-Western steamer *Hilda* in the Solent, a coasting vessel from Fowey has been lost with all hands on Bembridge Ledge, and a Liverpool vessel off the Isle of Man. The crew, six in number, were all drowned in attempting to leave the vessel in their boat.

MUCH SYMPATHY HAS BEEN EXPRESSED for the sufferers from the disaster to the Mumbles Lifeboat, when four out of a crew of thirteen were drowned and three badly injured, six of the sufferers being members of the same family. Six hundred pounds has been already subscribed, and the Lifeboat Institution have granted 800*l.* out of their funds for the widows and orphans, besides a grant of 50*l.* and the silver medal of the Society to the coxswain Jenkins, and 5*l.* to each of the crew. A sum of 200*l.* was also granted to the widow and children of the late captain of the New Brighton Lifeboat. The survivors of the Wolverhampton Presentation Committee of 1866 have held a meeting, and resolved to raise a fund to replace the lost lifeboat by another.

AT A MEETING OF THE MANCHESTER CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, on Tuesday, it was resolved that the signature of the President be affixed to the petition praying the House of Commons to set aside the adverse report of the Examiner of Standing Orders in the case of the Manchester Ship Canal scheme.

AN INFLUENTIAL MEETING has been held in Edinburgh under the Presidency of Mr. Duncan M'Laren, when resolutions were carried calling upon Government to appoint a Commission to inquire into the alleged grievances of the Highland peasantry, and endorsing the objects of the Highland Land Law Reform Association. Copies of the resolutions are to be sent to Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, and Peers and M.P.'s of both parties who have any connection with Scotland. The Government have declined to grant permission for the employment of a military force to restore the reign of law in Skye.

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT, causing the death of two seamen, occurred on Tuesday last on board the *Agincourt* of the Channel Squadron were leaving Plymouth Sound for Aroza Bay. A new foretop-gallant mast, only supplied from the dockyard a few days before, broke without any warning at the topmost cap, hurling on deck an ordinary seaman named M'Carthy, and Gimblett, of Plymouth, an A.B. The fall was quite 140 feet, and death in either case was instantaneous. The *Agincourt* in consequence has had to remain in the Sound, while the other ships proceeded on their voyage.

OUR NEW MONSTER RAM, the *Polyphemus*, has been subjected during the last few days to some rather unsatisfactory trials. In speed and power of turning quickly the vessel fairly answers expectations, or rather will do so when she receives her new boilers. But the apparatus for the discharge of fish torpedoes fails altogether when the ram is going at full speed—the pressure of the water causing the guards to "nip" the torpedo when it is discharged, and so retain it by the side of the ship. In that case, were the torpedo loaded, its explosion would cause the destruction of the ram.

THE HARD-HEARTED MEN OF SCIENCE gained a little triumph over the gentler Anti-vivisectionists at Manchester. A meeting of the local branch of the International Society for the Suppression of Vivisection had been called, and the chief speaker, the Rev. H. N. Oxenham, had already launched the usual declaration against cruelty, when suddenly arose Professor Gamgee, Dr. Stocks, and Mr. Dreschfeld, and so changed the current of public opinion that the conveners of the meeting found themselves almost deserted. The resolutions they had prepared condemning vivisection under any circumstances were rejected, amid cheers, by large majorities.

THE MANSION HOUSE COMMITTEE for the relief of sufferers from the fire in Jamaica have now, it was stated at last Monday's meeting, received in all 6,987*l.*, of which 3,380*l.* have been forwarded to the island. Nothing has yet been heard from the Custos of Kingston, and the people generally are described as in a dazed condition. Unless Government come to the rescue not 10 per cent. of the destroyed houses will be rebuilt.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE INTERESTING EGYPTIAN WAR EXHIBITION, to be held at Humphries Hall, Knightsbridge, are already very far advanced, both the War Office and the Admiralty rendering every possible assistance. A meeting of officers was held in the hall on Friday last, when it was announced that a large number of military bands had offered their services. The Exhibition will be open for about a month.

THE RIGHT HON. COLONEL TAYLOR, whose death at the age of seventy-two vacates one of the seats for County Dublin, was a grandson of the first Earl of Bective, and was born in March, 1811. He had sat for the County of Dublin since 1841, and had been under different Conservative Administrations Junior Lord of the Treasury, Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, and lastly Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

THE *Montataire* has landed at Boulogne the survivors of the steamer *Kennure Castle*, which foundered in the Bay of Biscay on the night of February 1st. Finding that the vessel was sinking, the Captain hurriedly ordered the passengers—chiefly ladies—to be placed in one of the boats. The second and third mates and a crew of seven Chinamen also got in, and the boat was pushed off. In another moment the steamer filled, and went down with 30 or 40 still on board. Without provisions of any kind, and in their night-dresses as they had left their berths, the passengers were tossed three days on the open sea. Maddened by privation, on the second day, the third mate jumped overboard, and was rescued with difficulty, after an hour's immersion, by means of an oar. On the third day the ladies were sinking fast, and the occupants of the boat were driven to relieve the pangs of hunger by chewing the first mate's flannel vest, when the *Montataire* bore down on them and took them on board. Several other vessels had passed and taken no notice, though one came very near the boat.

A RAJAH'S BED, worthy of the Arabian Nights, is being made in Paris for an Indian potentate. The bedstead is of satinwood, richly carved and ornamented with silver plates in *repoussé* work, adorned with bouquets of roses, pinks, and corn, the Rajah's arms being placed at the head. At each corner stands respectively a bronze statue of a Greek, Spanish, Italian, and French girl, each tinted according to the complexion of her race, and wearing a suitable-hued wig, either black, blonde, chestnut, or auburn. These damsels have moveable eyes, and their only ornament is a gold-male bracelet round one arm, which waves over the sleeper either a fan or a yak's tail fly-flapper. The sleeper's further enjoyment is heightened by an ingenious arrangement in the mattress, which, as soon as any one lies down, plays a selection of airs by M. Gounod.



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT is writing her autobiography. It will be published under the title of "Ma Vie de Théâtre."

A HERKOMER EXHIBITION is to be opened in Boston, U.S., this month, including a large number of the artist's portraits, engravings, etchings, and other works.

WILD CATS still haunt South Germany, although their existence was not suspected till the recent floods drove the creatures from their homes. One hunter shot two in an hour, each cat being the size of a well-grown fox.

A WALK FROM ROME TO PARIS IN TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS is shortly to be undertaken by a practised Italian pedestrian for a wager. The winnings will be given to the victims of the floods in France and Italy.

A SERVICE OF THROUGH PULLMAN CARS FROM CALAIS TO ROME is to be begun on the 23rd inst., thus enabling travellers to make the whole journey without change of carriage. The inaugural train is timed to complete the trip in forty-eight hours.

THE SITE OF THE NOTORIOUS BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA is to be marked by a monument erected by the Asiatic Society of India to the memory of those 146 British prisoners confined in the dungeon on June 20, 1756, when 123 of the number perished.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY has been presented with Sir Thomas Lawrence's likeness of Sir W. Grant, Master of the Rolls from 1801 to 1818. This picture was subscribed for by the members of the Bar practising in the Rolls Court, but as that Court has now ceased to exist, the portrait has been added to the collection of legal dignitaries recently removed from Serjeants' Inn.

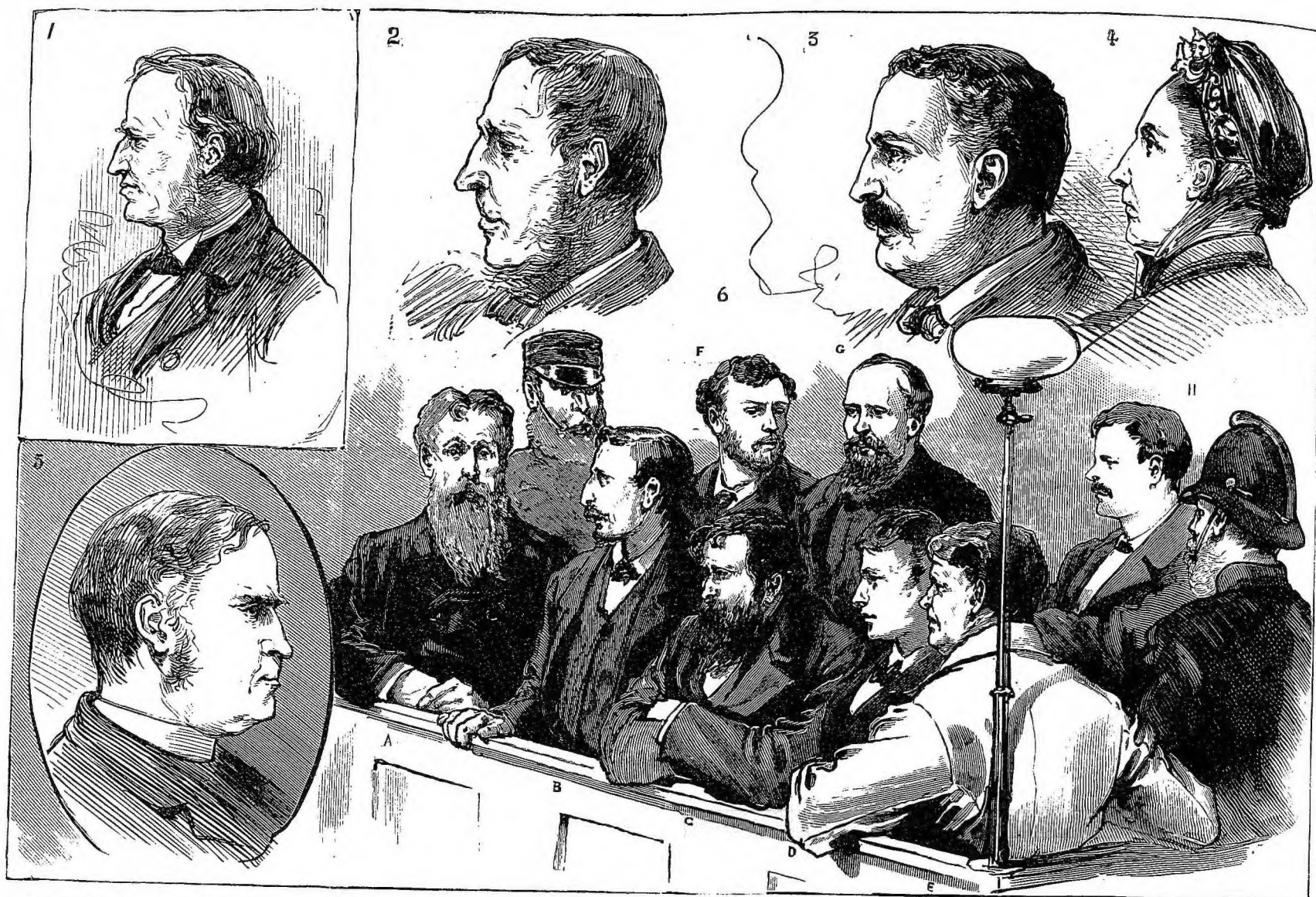
THE HIGHLAND BALL will take place at Willis's Rooms on Friday, February 16, under distinguished patronage. As the funds are to be devoted to the relief of the Distress in the Western Highlands, we feel sure that many of our readers will assist with their aid and sympathy in such a good cause. Tickets may be had not later than February 13, at Willis's Rooms, where full particulars of the ball can be obtained.

FORTY-ONE THEATRES WERE BURNT DOWN LAST YEAR in different parts of the world, according to a Hamburg statistician. Of these the United States claim the largest number, 17, England comes next with 7, and Russia follows with 5 theatrical conflagrations. Four theatres were consumed in Germany, 2 apiece in France and Spain, and one in Belgium, Sweden, Bulgaria, and Roumania. Talking of recent disastrous fires, it is curious to note that a Chicago journal, three years ago, published a supposititious description of a terrible fire and loss of life at the identical Milwaukee Hotel which was recently burnt down with such melancholy consequences, and the writer prophesied only too truly that some such event would be sure to occur before long. This same fire, by the way, disastrously illustrated another danger of the network of telegraph wires and poles which intersect American streets. The wires so hedged in the hotel as to prevent ladders being placed against the building, and no canvas escape could be held in any position to avoid the rescued striking the wires first, thus directly contributing to the loss of life.

A CHARITABLE DOG.—Mr. George Henry Curtiss, of Ryde, writes as follows:—"Having saved the life of a black retriever, which turned out to be one of the most intelligent, best trained, docile creatures I ever saw, and up to carrying a pipe, wearing spectacles, a Glangarry or other cap, sitting up with a newspaper, and holding it as if reading, and many other funny acts, Mrs. Curtiss and myself resolved to put him to work to collect for a 'Joint-Service Widow and Orphans' and Sick Fund.' We provided him with a handsome brass collar, and a brass box and lock; we placed these on the dog's neck, and allowed him, if we were walking on the pier or crossing by the steamboats to accompany us. The dog soon became proud of his box, and passed along very quickly, he learnt to sit up in front of a person, and to remain till he receives something, when he would go on to another, and repeat the same thing. Unfortunately, Mrs. Curtiss' health gave way, and she was confined to her house, but before being so the dog had collected 17*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*, which has been devoted to various charitable objects, of which I enclose a list. Mrs. Curtiss hopes to be able to resume duty soon, and to purchase a lifeboat ultimately, if funds will admit of this being done." Mrs. Curtiss' experiment might be repeated with advantage by owners of clever dogs, and a dog collector would be a taking novelty at a fancy bazaar.

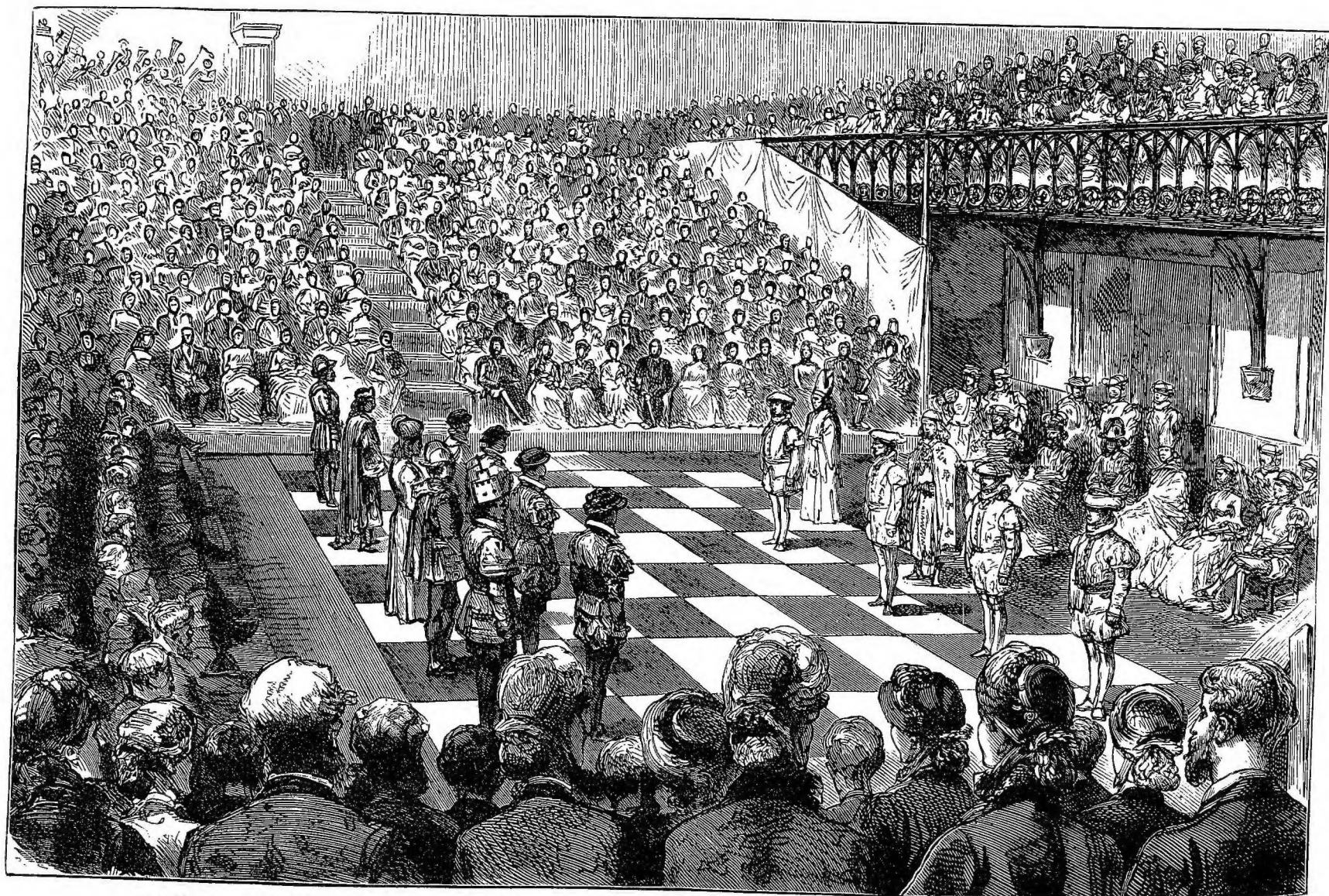
"PHIZ" EXHIBITION.—Liverpool is again to the front with an Exhibition of Pictures and Drawings by the late Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz"). The scheme was originated by the leading members of the Liverpool Art Club, including the secretaries, Messrs. Rathbone and Radcliffe, and Dr. Browne, a son of "Phiz." They have succeeded in gathering together, from various sources, more than six hundred of the deceased artist's productions, and visitors to the Exhibition are thus enabled to view at a glance the career of the man as an artist, and to admire his marvellous versatility. An opportunity is also afforded of tracing the artistic life of "Phiz" from his boyhood's days till his death last year, a period of more than half a century. Amongst his earliest productions here seen are "Leaves from the Artist's First Sketch Book," executed when he was about fifteen years of age, and which, though somewhat crude, show considerable promise. The last design from his pencil, the frontispiece to "A Salad of Stray Leaves," by George Halse, also finds a place upon the walls. Added to these are a number of oil paintings and water-colour drawings, and designs for book-illustrations, which form a wonderfully interesting Exhibition, and it is to be hoped that, by and by, the members of the Liverpool Art Club will seriously consider the advisability of removing the collection *en masse* to a gallery in London, where it will be heartily welcomed by lovers of Art and the public generally.

ARABI PASHA'S VOYAGE TO CEYLON in the steamship *Mareotis* was, according to the *Times of India*, made in good weather with fresh winds. During the first two or three days Arabi and his companions suffered from sea-sickness, but afterwards took great interest in visiting different parts of the vessel, and attentively watching the sailors at their work. They went to bed late and rose up early, taking first coffee and eggs, then later in the day fowls, pigeons, potatoes, and fruit, and drinking no wine, with the exception of a glass of champagne occasionally. They smoked cigarettes and daily played chess and draughts. The women of the party seldom appeared on deck, and a screen was put up to hide them whenever they did so. Arabi appears the most depressed of the exiles, and his eldest son, a young man of twenty, seemed nearly blind from ophthalmia. On reaching Colombo on the 10th January a large number of people came on board, principally natives, and it was in vain that the captain tried to keep them off. Large numbers were also at the landing place, where they waited from early morning till the afternoon. The exiled party went ashore in four squads respectively at 11 A.M., 12 A.M., 2 P.M., and 3 P.M. In the last one was Arabi. On landing the people crowded round him, fairly mobbing him. Some kissed his clothes and some got down on their knees and kissed his boots. The party were driven away in carriages to the Cinnamon Gardens, where they were located in some handsome bungalows. Not one of them appeared to regret his lot; they never exhibited any symptoms of fear, and believed a happy future to be before them.

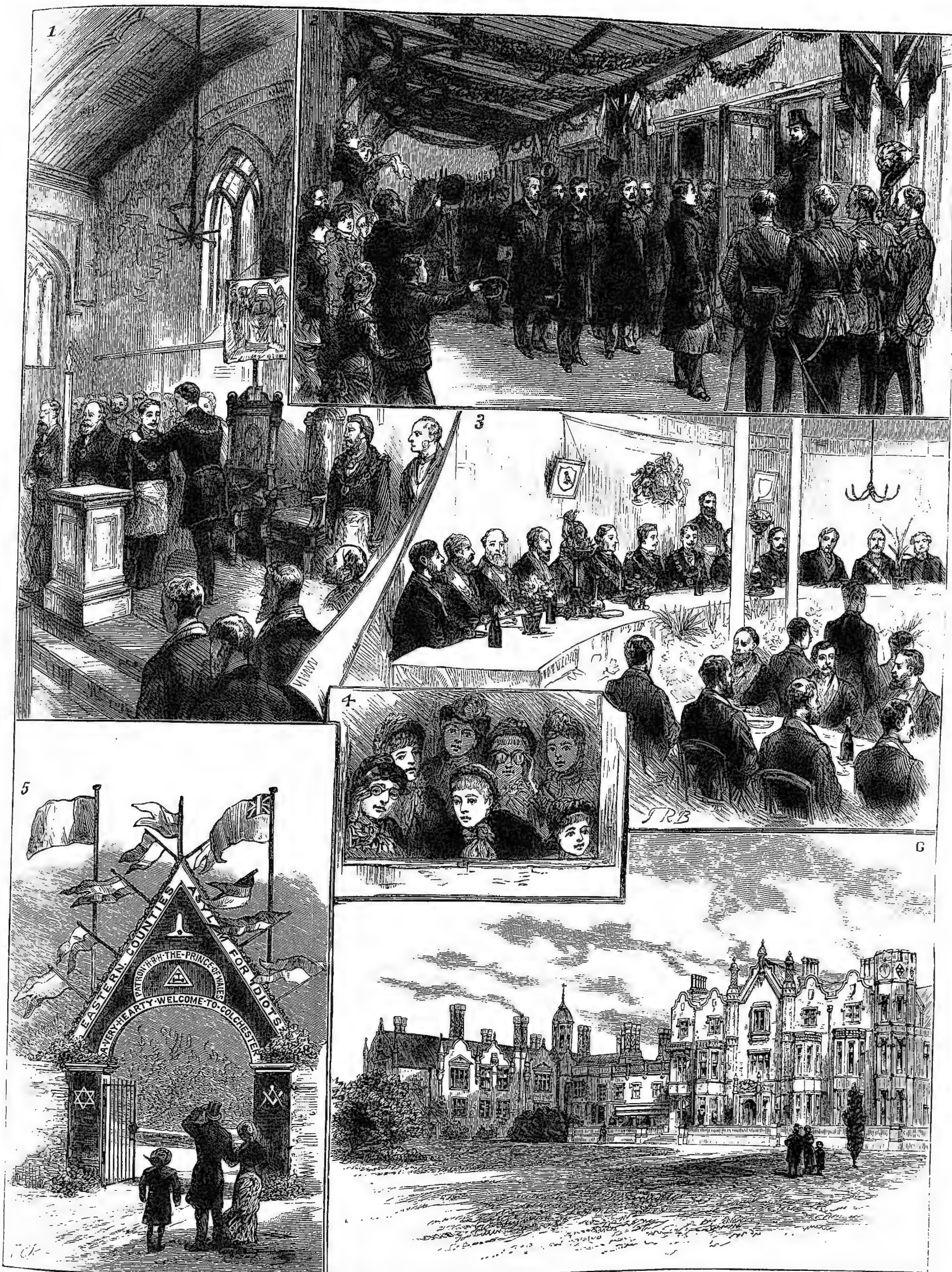


1. John Fitzsimons, who Found the Knives in Carey's Loft.—2. George Godden, Park Ranger, who Identified Brady as being on the Car which He had Seen Driving Off immediately after the Murder.—3. Stephen Hands, who Identified Brady and O'Brien as Waiting with the Car on the Evening of the Murder.—4. Sarah Hands.—5. Dr. Webb, Q.C., the Leading Counsel for the Prisoners.—6. The Prisoners in the Dock (A. James Carey; B. Peter Carey; C. Edward O'Brien; D. Timothy Kelly; E. Joseph Brady; F. Peter Doyle; G. Laurence Hanlon; H. Edward M'Caffrey).

THE MURDER LEAGUE IN IRELAND—EXAMINATION AT KILMAINHAM OF THE PRISONERS CHARGED WITH THE PHOENIX PARK MURDERS



CHES WITH LIVING PIECES—A MATCH AT THE GUILDHALL, WINCHESTER



1. The Installation Ceremony.—2. Arrival of the Duke of Albany at the Railway Station.—3. The Banquet.—4. A Group of Eager Spectators.—5. Triumphal Arch at the Entrance to the Asylum for Idiots.—6. The Residence of Lord Brooke.

PRINCE LEOPOLD'S VISIT TO COLCHESTER, AND THE INSTALLATION OF LORD BROOKE, M.P., AS PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER OF ESSEX



THE crisis in FRANCE still continues. The Fabre Proscription Bill was passed by the Chamber last week by 355 votes to 142, after a most agitated and stormy sitting. On Monday the Senate elected its Committee to consider the measure, and chose eight opponents to one advocate of the Bill. The latter was M. Testelin, while in the majority were such prominent statesmen as MM. Léon Say, Barthélemy de St. Hilaire, Waddington, and Allou. The Committee would report to the Senate on Thursday, and the debate would take place on Saturday, when it was anticipated that the Upper House would throw out the Bill. As nothing is said to happen in France except the "unforeseen," it would be unwise to forecast the result of this disagreement between the two Houses, but it was generally thought that the Cabinet would resign, and end its existence regretted by no party. Indeed, poor M. de Fallières and his colleagues have been a perfect laughing-stock—the *Pierrots* of the Carnival—both at home and abroad. No one could be found to undertake either the post of Foreign or of Marine Minister in the present crisis, while General Thibaudin, whose reputation has suffered by Germany's accusation that he had broken his parole, was placed at the head of the War Office. The want of a Foreign Minister has been severely felt at the present time, when numerous European complications exist which seriously affect French interests, and it is said that M. Duchâtel, the Ambassador to Vienna, has resigned directly to President Grévy—there being no recognised Foreign Minister. Thus the composition of the next Ministry is being actively discussed, and M. Jules Ferry is almost universally designated as the coming Prime Minister, who will once more strive to get together a homogenous Cabinet out of the numerous Republic factions.

Now that the panic excited by Prince Napoléon's manifesto is beginning somewhat to subside, a feeling of sympathy with the Orleans Princes is springing up, and the argument that they should be punished for the act of their most bitter enemy is seen to be a trifle illogical. Republicans of the highest standard unhesitatingly testify to the good faith and excellent behaviour of the Orleans Princes; while it is pointed out that they will be far more dangerous and much more likely to conspire as exiles smarting under the sting of unjust ostracism from their country. As for the prime mover of all this trouble, Prince Napoléon, having complained of the want of exercise, has been removed from the Conciergerie to a Maison de Santé at Auteuil. The preliminary investigation into his case has been concluded, and it is now to be submitted to the Court of Arraignment, where he will be formally charged with an attempt "to change or destroy the existing form of Government." Should the Court finally decide that there are not sufficient grounds for a trial, the Prince will probably be expelled the country without any further ado. Had this course been adopted at first by the Ducleuc Government, France might have been saved the present crisis.

IN PARIS politics were in a measure put aside during the early part of the week for the Carnival, which, however, is but a shadow of its former self. Thus though numbers of sightseers thronged the Boulevards and the public gardens, the maskers, who used to create such genuine gaiety, were absent, their places being supplied by children in fancy costumes, and by "Guy Fawkes" processions, bearing caricatures of the various members of the Napoleonic family. During the latter part of the week the chief social topic has been the sale of Madame Sarah Bernhardt's jewels, which, writes a correspondent of a contemporary, "would suffice to fill all the shop windows in the Rue de la Paix, leaving a goodly show for the antiquity vendors besides." Madame Bernhardt has suffered heavy pecuniary losses lately, both from unfortunate speculations and from her son's theatre, *L'Ambigu*, which has not achieved any noteworthy success. Another theatrical incident has been the production of a dramatised version of M. Jules Clarétie's *M. Le Ministre d'occasion* as Sardou's *Rabagas* in 1871. The story is that of many a Cabinet Minister of the past few years. A young provincial lawyer is elected to the Chamber, and is speedily entrusted with a portfolio, but falls a victim to the intrigues of sycophants and office-seekers, and retires to political obscurity in disgust. Another novelty has been M. Emile Bergerat's five-act comedy, *Le Nom*, at the Odéon. The Paris Municipality has now decided to establish a popular Opera House, with a subsidy of 12,000*fr.* Massenet's *Hérodiade* is to be the first work produced. To return for one moment to the troubled sea of politics, Dr. Bourneville, a pronounced Radical, was elected a Deputy on Sunday in the place of the late Louis Blanc.

IN EGYPT the decree appointing Sir Auckland Colvin Financial Adviser to the Khédive has at last been issued. His exact functions are not defined, but in Sherif Pasha's report to the Khédive, which accompanies the decree, the latter explains the reason for this appointment. He duly acknowledges the "immense services" of the Dual Control, but asserts that at the same time it harassed the action of the Ministry by its interference in administrative affairs, and "tended to transfer the Government into the hands of irresponsible functionaries, whose nomination and dismissal did not entirely depend upon the will of the Khédive and his Government." Nevertheless, he considers that it would be advisable for the Government to have the benefit of a foreigner's advice upon financial questions, and thus suggests the appointment of a Financial Counsellor nominated by the Khédive, and who, while not being an actual Minister, should be invited to attend Cabinet meetings when wanted, and should have the power to examine financial questions, and give advice within the limits which "the Khédive and his Ministers may determine," though he should in no case interfere in the administration of the country. The weakness of Sherif Pasha's assertions are apparent to the merest tyro in political affairs. Had it not been for the "administrative interference" of the Control no "immense services" could possibly have been rendered, while the statement that the functions of the new official will be practically confined to giving good advice, which no Oriental was ever known to take without foreign pressure, is too absurd to need comment. Sherif Pasha and the whole of Europe know perfectly well that Sir Auckland Colvin means the British Government, and that his "advice" will be to all intents and purposes a "command." Certainly the accusation of the French Press, that the British Government is sheltering itself under the authority of the Khédive, while actually exercising a Protectorate, does not seem altogether unjustifiable.

The long-awaited Indemnity Commission has at last been nominated, with Abdurrahman Rushdi and Yacoub Artin Beys as President and Vice-President—the other members being the representatives of England, Austria, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Greece, and the United States of America. The first sitting has taken place, but as the claims are estimated to amount to 4,000, the Committee has about a year's work before it. Claims under 200*fr.* are to be first considered. The only other news items are a letter from Lord Dufferin to Sherif Pasha, denying that the British Government propose to do away with the International Tribunals next year; the execution of four Mustafazeen for participation in the Tanta massacres; and the arrival of fifteen of Professor Palmer's murderers at Cairo,

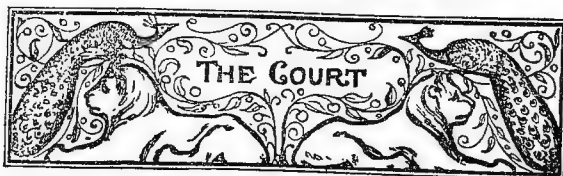
where they will, in addition to six others, be prosecuted by Colonel Warren. Captain Gill's journal, completed to August 8th, some official correspondence, a leaf of Professor Palmer's notebook, and Lieutenant Charrington's journal, vestiges of looted baggage, and two naval swords have been found scattered over miles of waste. Funeral service has been read over the spot where the outrage was committed, and a large cairn is being erected on a conspicuous hill overlooking the place. There is news from the Soudan to January 15th, when Abd-el-Kader was marching towards Sennaar against the Vizier of the Mahdi. The troops at Khartoum were preparing for an expedition to Kordofan, under Hussein Pasha Serai. There is a rumour that the Obeid garrison has surrendered, after enduring severe privations.

Matters in RUSSIA appear to be improving. There is less stir about Nihilism; we hear of few, if any, arrests. No plot has recently been discovered, while the Palace gaieties have now been resumed at St. Petersburg for the first time since the new Czar's accession. He has now issued a decree announcing that his coronation will definitely take place in May at Moscow. He explains the delay by stating that "in the midst of the grief and horror with which we were seized, and which overwhelmed the hearts of our faithful subjects, we did not deem it a fitting time to proceed with the solemnity of coronation" until, he continues, "the feelings excited by the crime to which our beloved parent, the benefactor of his people, fell a victim, had had time to calm down." The moment is now approaching for us to execute the will of God and to carry out our own sacred desire, together with that of all true sons of our Fatherland. Following the example of our pious forefathers, we have resolved to place upon ourselves the crown, and receive, according to established usage, the Holy Sacrament, uniting with us in this act our most beloved consort, the Empress Feodorovna." He concludes by an earnest prayer that "God, the Ruler of the Universe, may keep us and our Empire in peace and safety." The coronation will probably take place on May 28th, but the Czar and Czarina will pay a visit to Moscow on May 6th, in order to be present at the consecration of St. Saviour's Cathedral.

There is more news than usual this week from INDIA, though not wholly of a satisfactory nature. Thus, there is a serious rising amongst the Bheels, who have plundered Nanpur. A detachment of troops has been sent to the disturbed district. At Junagur, in Guzerat, also, there has been a serious disturbance and what looks like a massacre on a small scale by the native authorities—a body of some 250 rhyots who had refused to pay their rent being attacked by a force of the Nawab's police 700 strong, who killed 70 of the recalcitrants. In Bombay there has been a sad accident at a wool-factory, where, upon a false alarm of fire, a panic was created, and twenty-one women were crushed to death.—In political circles some apprehension has been excited by the proposition of a Government Bill abolishing the exemption which British European subjects have enjoyed of being sentenced to terms of imprisonment of more than one year by judicial officers outside the Presidency towns. Hitherto persons of this class have had the privilege of being sent before a jury in a Presidency town. As Native judges are now appointed, it is feared that they will deal especially hardly with Europeans, and it is expected that such a measure would deter Europeans from taking part or investing their capital in Indian industries.

More catastrophes are reported from the UNITED STATES both through fire and water. On the 1st inst. the Inman Company's steamship pier at New York was burnt down, and tasked the whole of the resources of the fire brigade before it could be extinguished. Several vessels were damaged by the flames. In Ohio, Indiana, and Western Pennsylvania great damage has been wrought by terrible floods, caused by the sudden melting of the snow on the mountains. At Bradford, Pennsylvania, nearly half the business portion of the town is under water, and the inhabitants were rescued with difficulty through the windows of the second storeys. At Meadville also, more than 300 families were rescued by boats, while throughout the inundated districts railway travelling has been seriously delayed—several trains having been actually abandoned.—Herr Most, the socialistic Editor of the *Freiheit*, has been telling a meeting at Philadelphia that the United States is on the brink of revolution, "during which the working men will secure their rights."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—IN TURKEY the chief item is a circular from the Foreign Minister respecting the nonpayment of the Bulgarian tribute, and the contributions to the National Debt due from Montenegro, Servia, and Greece under the Berlin Treaty.—IN SERBIA there is considerable apprehension regarding the visit of Prince Karageorgevich, the pretender to the throne, to Prince Nikita, of Montenegro, and the rumoured marriage of the former to the latter's daughter.—IN GERMANY the Emperor and Prince Bismarck have been ill, the Monarch with a cold, the Minister with varicose veins; both are now happily better.—IN SOUTH AFRICA Cetewayo is now left alone to deal with his people as he thinks fit. His conduct during his journey to Ulundi is described by the *Times* correspondent as that of "a spoilt child, needing constant reproof, but amenable to severe admonition." The Cape Parliament has approved the proposition of the Government to leave Basutoland to its own government, but stipulates that all arrangements shall be submitted first for ratification.



THE QUEEN will return to Windsor next Tuesday. Meanwhile Her Majesty remains with Princess Beatrice and the three little Princesses of Edinburgh at Osborne, where on Saturday the Queen invested the Duke of Grafton with the Order of the Garter, Princess Beatrice witnessing the ceremony. The Duke and other visitors dined with Her Majesty in the evening. Next morning the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Princesses Marie and Victoria of Edinburgh attended Divine Service at Osborne, when the Rev. Canon Barry officiated, and in the evening the Duke of Grafton and Canon Barry joined the Royal party at dinner. Princess Beatrice drove to Ryde on Monday, when Prince Edward of Saxo-Weimar and the Countess of Dornberg arrived on a visit. In the evening Her Majesty gave a dinner-party, at which the Prince and Countess and the Duke of Grafton were the chief guests, while the Queen's visitors left Osborne on Tuesday morning. The Duke of Connaught arrived during the day on a short visit to his mother. On returning to Windsor Her Majesty will hold the first Drawing-Rooms of the season at Buckingham Palace, one at the end of this month, and the second in the middle of March.—The Queen has inspected a terra-cotta bust of the late Commander Wyatt Rawson, R.N., by Mr. W. Tyler.

The Prince of Wales returns to London next week, staying in Paris for a day or two on his way home. On his return to town the Prince will hold a Levée, on behalf of the Queen, on the 19th inst., and a second at a later date. He will go to Berlin at the end of the month for the deferred Silver Wedding festivities, while, according to a Dutch journal, he will visit Holland at the beginning of May for the opening of the Amsterdam Exhibition. The Prince and Princess will be present on April 16 at a grand assault of arms given at the Albert Hall on behalf of the Egyptian War Relief

Fund. As a mark of honour on the occasion of the Silver Wedding of the Crown Prince and Princess the Emperor of Germany has appointed the Prince of Wales Honorary Colonel of the Fifth or regiment hope to express their welcome to the Prince personally by an address when he next visits Germany. Meanwhile the Princess remains with her daughters at Sandringham, where on Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church in the morning, and at West Newton in the evening.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh continue at St. Petersburg, where they are taking part in the Court Festivities. They have attended the First Royal State Ball, besides a grand ball given by the Grand Duke Vladimir, while the Duke has also made a shooting expedition into the country. They return to Berlin at the end of the month for the Silver Wedding.—The Duchess of Connaught took her first drive on Saturday in the Home Park, and now goes out daily. The baby is very well, and will be christened immediately on the Queen's return to Windsor, while the Duchess will probably be strong enough to start for Germany with her husband on the 16th inst. The Duke and Duchess will be absent several weeks, returning in time for the Duke to preside at the Festival Dinner on April 25 in aid of the Field Lane Refuge and Ragged School.—The Duchess of Albany's mother, the Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont, is now staying with the Duke and Duchess at Claremont, whence they probably go to Windsor Castle next week.

The Princess Louise arrived at Bermuda early last week after a very pleasant passage in the *Dido*, and was warmly welcomed by the inhabitants. The Princess has gone to Bermuda at the Queen's express command and by the advice of a London physician, as she personally wished to return to Canada with her husband.—The King of the Belgians is still indisposed, and must keep his room for some time longer, although much better than he has been. King Leopold has been suffering from inflammation of the intestines, and when recovering unfortunately had a relapse.



THE NEW PRIMATE has written to the Dean of Canterbury approving the date fixed (March 29th) for the enthronement, and will probably arrive at the Deanery the day before. The ceremony will be carried out with circumstances of considerable pomp. In the afternoon there will be a luncheon, and in the evening a special service at the Cathedral, when Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise will be sung by the Cathedral and auxiliary choirs. The "patriarchal chair," in which the Saxon Kings of Kent are said to have been crowned, will be removed for the occasion from the south transept to the site known as "Becket's Crown." On Friday the Archbishop will perform his first act as Diocesan by opening the church at Thanington, and before leaving Canterbury will hold a levée at the Deanery. Admission to the Cathedral will be by ticket, and the clergy who attend will appear in surplices and hoods.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS for the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral amounted last week to 5,000*fr.*, including a second donation of 1,000*fr.* from Lady Elizabeth Villiers. Nearly an acre of ground has been fenced in to receive the stones as they are taken down. Additional subscriptions are now beginning to pour in, and a public meeting will be shortly held in the city, with a view to assisting in the work.

THE funds for the endowment of the new Bishopric of Southwell amounted at the close of 1882 to 38,075*fr.*, of which the Diocese of Lichfield contributed 15,075*fr.*, and Lincoln 14,500*fr.* 3,500*fr.* have been received from the Central Committee in London, and 5,000*fr.* promised from the general fund for the increase of the Home Episcopate. 30,000*fr.* will still be wanting to complete the endowment.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE REFUSAL OF DR. PARRY to accept the Bishopric of Sydney, the work of selection will probably begin *de novo*. The old Diocesan Synod expired October 31 by efflux of time, and the new one was to meet on the 12th of January. It was thought that then the alternative process of a Committee acting with the Bishops of Australia would be adopted in preference to the method of nominating a certain number of eligible candidates.

PASTORALS CAUTIONING MEMBERS OF THEIR DIOCESE against joining any of the secret societies which the Church condemns have been issued by the Roman Catholic Bishops of Edinburgh, and of Elphin and Cork in Ireland.

A CIRCULAR signed by Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. S. Morley, M.P., and others, has been sent to all the chief working-men's clubs and associations, praying them to support Mr. Broadhurst in opposing the increase of Sunday labour by the opening on that day of national galleries and museums.

THE LONDON DIOCESAN CONFERENCE meets in King's College on Tuesday and Wednesday next. Among the principal subjects of discussion will be a motion by Mr. Beresford Hope, declaring that the legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister is a thing to be "strenuously resisted;" a proposal by the Bishop of Bedford for the appointment of a committee to consider the prevalence of unbelief, and another by the Rev. B. Belcher for a committee on "Voluntary Schools and School Rates;" a discussion by the Hon. T. Pelham and Canon Farrar on the best means of advancing the spiritual welfare of young men engaged in business in the metropolis; and a resolution by Prebendary Moore in favour of a General Church Mission throughout London in 1884.

THE SALVATION ARMY has again been making itself conspicuous at home and abroad. In Switzerland its proceedings have given such offence, that at Neuchâtel harmless Englishmen were assaulted in the streets, and the Cantonal authorities prohibited the evening services; at Geneva, too, the Council of State has intervened, and the missionaries have passed on to Berne. Many, however, in the city of Calvin take their part, chiefly on the ground that the prohibition of religious meetings is a violation of the Constitution, and some correspondents lay the blame of the whole matter on "the Anarchists," of whom Geneva is now a stronghold. Complaints of anarchy come, however, rather strangely from the followers and admirers of the Salvation Army. At home the contests between the Skeleton and the Salvation forces have assumed the dimensions of a public scandal. At Honiton the Mayor has applied for an extra force of police—one town councillor declaring that he was in danger of his life. In the City Road, in the neighbourhood of the Eagle, tradesmen complain that their business is being ruined, and quiet people that they cannot go along the streets without much risk of being robbed or maltreated. At the Vestry of St. Luke's, Shoreditch, it was resolved to memorialise the Home Secretary on the subject, and a memorial will also be sent to the Members for Hackney praying for Parliamentary interference to regulate these fantastic processions. On Sunday evening last order was with difficulty preserved by eight inspectors, 24 sergeants, and 250 police, besides a number of officers in plain clothes.—At Norwich Mr. Justice Field has observed from the Bench that the Army acts illegally if it occupies the "whole roadway with flags, banners, and noisy musical instruments;" and at Hereford a captain and lieutenant have been fined 25*fr.* each and costs, and five other officers 1*fr.* each for brawling—the second conviction of members within eight days.



THEATRES

MR. GILBERT FARQUHAR, who made his first public appearance on the stage at the Gaiety Theatre last week, is stated to have already received more than one offer of an engagement. A more promising debut than that of this young gentleman has not been seen for some time. In the character of Frederick Younghusband, in the amusing three-act Buckstonian farce of *Married Life*, a slight nervousness interfered somewhat with the perfect ease and self-possession which should characterise a gentleman on the stage in modern walking attire. On the other hand, in the part of old Mr. Barker in *My Uncle's Will*, Mr. Farquhar exhibited a strong sense of character and a thorough mastery of those little details of action, movement, and expression which serve to fill up and give completeness to a stage portrait. It is understood that Mr. Farquhar intends to adopt the stage as a profession.

The frequent complaints that have been made of the appearance, both in and out of season, at Gaiety *matinées* of a scene to which the critics have contemptuously referred as "a Chinese summer-house," have finally elicited an explanation from Mr. Hollingshead, who taunts his critics with not being able to distinguish between a Chinese and Japanese style. The room, we are assured, is Japanese, though it seems to have appeared originally in *Aladdin*, the scene of which story is in China. Mr. Hollingshead adds that the critics do not seem to know that Japanese rooms are very fashionable in France and America. It appears, however, that the scene in question on the occasions complained of was used to represent an English drawing-room. The truth seems to be that pieces at morning performances at the Gaiety are not put on the stage with as much care as they might easily be, for certainly no theatre is richer in stores of scenery for such purposes.

The theatrical world, as commonly happens immediately after the close of the Christmas holidays, has been somewhat barren of novelties during the last fortnight. Mr. Toole, however, has revived for a short period Mr. Byron's popular drama *Dearest than Life*, in which he appears in his old part of Michael Garner, supported by the principal members of the company of the bright and cosy little theatre which bears his name.

Mrs. Bernard Beece's management of the GLOBE Theatre will come to a close at the end of next week. We are sorry to learn that the state of health of this accomplished actress renders it imperatively necessary that she should take rest.

The popular comic opera *Rip Van Winkle* attained its hundredth night of performance at the ROYAL COMEDY Theatre on Tuesday. Some changes have been made in the cast, and the supernatural scenes of the second act have been greatly improved. The weird figures of Hendrik Hudson and his goblin comrades are now illuminated with a series of rapidly-changing coloured lights, and their final disappearance is managed in a cleverly mysterious fashion. Planquette's music, though pretty and tuneful, seems scarcely adequate to the requirements of the more serious parts of the story; nevertheless, the audience appeared thoroughly satisfied with the entertainment provided for them. Mr. F. Leslie as Rip, Miss Cameron as Gretchen, Mr. Lionel Brough as the comic innkeeper, and Mr. R. Buckstone (whose voice and manner recall his father) as the village poet, are all in their several ways excellent.

SHROVETIDE ACROSS THE BORDER

"MERRY Shrovetide" and Lent are little regarded now in Presbyterian Scotland, but so tenacious are its people of old customs that we find in many places "survivals" of the rough sports of the old "daft days," when the citizens crammed as much amusement as possible into the brief space before the commencement of the fasts of Lent. The fierce zealots of the Reformation succeeded after a great struggle in stamping out the morrice-dancing, the minstrelsy, and mumming, but people still alive have fought cocks on Fastern's E'en (Shrove Tuesday), and every year in many Border towns business is suspended for the afternoon, and the streets are given up to rushing crowds of handball or football players.

It is hardly a century since the famous Fastern's E'en game of ball at Scone in Perthshire was discontinued—a match in which the players were so rough and reckless that "A' is fair at the Ba' of Scone" became a proverb.

The sides in this match consisted of the married men against the bachelors of the district. All the players assembled at the village cross at two o'clock in the afternoon of Shrove Tuesday, and every man in the parish, gentle or simple, had to turn out to fight for his side, or pay a fine for his default.

At two o'clock the ball was thrown up, and a furious rush of both sides made for it. The "dool," or goal, of the married men was a small hole in the moor, into which they had to "hang" the ball—that is put it, three times, while the bachelors had to "drown" it, or dip it thrice in a deep pool of the Tay. By immemorial custom the match lasted till sunset, when the winning side became possessors of the ball, but if goals were equal the ball was cut in two, and each party got a half. The excessive violence of the players and the serious accidents led to the discontinuance of the match about the end of last century.

A writer in *Household Words* tells us he heard in 1826 a sermon against "heathen observances" preached in the parish church of Stow, a village twenty-four miles to the south of Edinburgh. "The special occasion of the sermon was the approach of Fastern's E'en, or Shrove Tuesday, as it is called south of the Tweed. The custom was on that day for the married and unmarried men of the parish to play a match at handball. The day, till within a few years of the date mentioned, had from time immemorial been ushered in by ringing the church bell. This being persisted in, in defiance of the minister, was at last discontinued. The ball was the remaining feature of the festival. The first proceeding occurred at two o'clock in the afternoon, when the ball was thrown over the church. The contest then began; the one party striving to convey the ball to a given point about half a mile up the valley, and the other party trying to take it about a similar distance in the opposite direction. The down-water winning place was the Lady's Well, a famous spring, at or near which tradition says the Virgin Mary descended, and left her foot print on a large stone. In the sermon referred to, the preacher pointed out that the ball sport of Fastern's E'en was a mongrel relic of Paganism and Popery, in which it was sinful to participate."

Similar matches are still annually played at Jedburgh, Melrose, Hawick, and other places near the Border. At Jedburgh in early days the game played was football, but in 1704 the magistrates prohibited this game. "Having considered that the tossing and throwing up of the football at Fastern's E'en, within the streets of the burgh, has many times tended to the great prejudice of the inhabitants, there having been sometimes both old and young near lost their lives thereby." The Jeddard lads, however, evaded the penalties of this edict by changing football into handball. Though the match begins in the streets, the ball generally finds its way into the river, whither the players follow it, and fight out the

game, as Dr. Chambers describes it, "amidst a scene of fearful splash and dabblement, to the infinite amusement of a multitude looking on from the bridge."

This is sometimes very dangerous, as the magistrates point out; indeed, in 1881, the *Scotsman* recorded a melancholy accident at the Hawick match. "The Hawick annual game of handball was played yesterday afternoon. The Teviot and Slitrig were in high flood, and as the game is much played in the channel of the rivers, it was on this occasion pursued under considerable danger. This, however, did not seem to deter the youths engaged in the fray, for a considerable deal of plunging took place in the turgid streams. A young man, while engaged in the final struggle at the railway station bridge, had just 'hailed' the ball, when he was carried away by the current to a distance of 600 yards below. He was rescued at the earliest possible moment, as there was a large crowd of anxious onlookers; but all efforts to restore animation were unavailing."

Another Fastern's E'en observance that existed within the memory of people still alive was cock-fighting at schools. The school-boys brought in their cocks to have their prowess tested, while the school-master presided at the cockpit, and had a special pecuniary interest in the barbarous sport. He got the pence paid as entry money, the carcasses of the slain birds, and the "fugies," or runaway cocks; and in some parishes the value of these perquisites was actually officially stated as part of the income of the office.

Another very strange Shrovetide custom in the early years of the century was that of Kilmarnock, where the festivities of the day began by the fire-engine being brought into the street and set to play at random among the crowd. When the keener spirits had got a thorough wetting, they formed in procession, headed by the Town Councillors, and marched to a field, where foot-races were run and other games engaged in.

In other places cakes are baked, and a ring put into one of them, to tell which lad or lass is to be married first. The "drawing" takes place at a social gathering in the evening—the "rocking" of Burns's poem, where he writes to Lapraik,—

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin'.

R. M.



PASTIMES

THE TURF.—There has been some fair cross-country sport at Kempton Park this week, i.e., if such courses can be said to be cross-country courses at all. Some pretty good performers put in an appearance, among whom was Thornfield, who was beaten on the first day by Quadron in the Sunbury Steeplechase, but won the Stewards' on the second day. Lowland Duke scored in the Hanworth Hurdle Race, Prudhomme took the Kempton Hurdles, and old Woodcock the Selling Hurdles, beating a field of eight.—The acceptances for the Spring Handicaps are satisfactory, and they seem to make Edelweiss first favourite for the Lincoln Handicap, Shotover for the City and Suburban, and Tame Fox for the Grand National. The quotations, however, are not reliable as to the actual business done.—F. Archer was married last week to the eldest daughter of John Dawson, the trainer. It was a big affair, and of course all the horsey fashion of Newmarket was there, and a good deal of horsey fashion from elsewhere. There were great rejoicings and festivities in the town, and the immense fuss made about the matter illustrates the saying, that "nothing succeeds like success." However, the whole sporting world heartily wishes Mr. and Mrs. Archer all happiness.—Craig Millar, the winner of the St. Leger in 1875, has been sold by Mr. Hume Webster to the Hungarian Government for 6,500*l.*; and as a sad contrast to this very handsome sum, at Melbourne, The Marquis, who won the Two Thousand and St. Leger in 1862, was sold for 21*l.* 5*s.* It seems a cruel thing that such an animal should be sold at all at such a price, as it intimates a cruel and ungenerous finish of his life.

FOOTBALL.—At Manchester England has beaten Ireland in a Rugby game; and at the Oval, in an Association game, Wales has succumbed to England by five goals to none. The visitors played a very good game; but it could hardly be expected that they would be able to tackle the pick of England successfully.—For the Association Cup Blackburn Olympic has beaten Church, and Hendon Great Marlow.—In other Association games Norfolk has beaten Middlesex; and Aston Villa has beaten both Darwen and the Blackburn Rovers.

ANGLING.—Salmon fishing has now opened on most of our rivers. There are excellent reports of prospects on the Tay, on which a large number of fish have been taken both with the rod and the net, and there is not the slightest appearance of disease either in the kelts or clean fish. But notwithstanding the cheerful aspect of matters the retail price of salmon at Perth on Monday morning last was 3*s.* 6*d.* a pound.

ATHLETICS.—Something like 8,000 persons were present at the Four Oaks Park racing ground, near Birmingham, on Saturday last, to witness the contest for the Midland Cross-Country Championship by bipeds. At such competitions various clubs start an equal number of men each, say four or six, or more as agreed upon, and the winning club is that which gets the greatest number of its representatives within a given number at the finish, and into the best places. The actual first in counts one, the second two, and so on, so that really the club which scores the lowest number is the winner. On the occasion mentioned the Birchfield Harriers were the winners, having the first, second, sixth, seventh, ninth, and sixteenth past the winning post, thus scoring 41, and beating the Moseley Harriers, who scored 42, by 1. Among the champions of the latter the famous Mr. W. G. George ran, but, though he started a very hot favourite, he could only get into the fifth place. Mr. T. Lawrence was the first man.

CRICKET.—The English team under the Hon. Ivo Bligh seems quite invincible at the Antipodes. Their last telegraphed performance was their beating on Monday last Eighteen of Brisbane by an innings and 154, the figures being 265 against 62 and 49.

COURSING.—Last week there were more public coursing meetings in various parts of the kingdom than in any previous week of the season. At the Ridgway Club Meeting, the most important of them, the Lancashire Stakes for puppies of both sexes was divided between Mr. T. Stone's pair, Sabella and Shiela, Mr. E. Webb's Woodbine, and the Marquess of Anglesey's Amber. For the Clifton Cup in the final course Mr. A. P. Allen's Wind About beat Mr. G. F. Fawcett's Franciscan Friar; and the Lytham Cup was divided between Mr. E. Webb's Wetherby and Mr. L. Pilkinton's Publicola.—The Waterloo contest is drawing near, but there seems to be a lack of interest in it, and the market operations on it are very limited. Mr. O. Part's nomination, which will be represented by Match Girl, now stands at the head of the quotations at 100 to 8; Mr. Stone is next at 100 to 6; and Lord Haddington is backed at 20 to 1, his representative, Hornpipe, being now reported better, and likely to be herself by the opening of the Waterloo Meeting. It is not yet decided for whom last February's winner, Snowflight, will run, and all the mystery and reports put about in connection with the animal reflect but little credit on public coursing as a sport.—Curiosity, the dam of Snowflight, has

recently been purchased for 360*l.* by "Captain" Ellis, who nominated Snowflight for the last Waterloo.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—The important stake and prize called the Universal Championship at Monaco, after a long contest, was won by M. Lafonde, who beat Mr. Blake in shooting off the tie after each had killed twenty-seven birds in succession.—By the way, the Clay-Pigeon Apparatus has been on exhibition and "in action" at the Sporting Exhibition at Islington. It is certainly ingenious enough as to its arrangements, but it strikes us that the clay pigeons fly too straight. Perhaps this might be obviated if the clay "saucers" were not made perfectly round and symmetrical.

AQUATICS.—The crews at both Universities are supposed to have gone into regular training on Ash Wednesday; but it is said that after all West will "stroke" the Oxford boat, in preference to either Curry or Sharpe. Meyrick, of Trinity Hall, still holds the chief oar in the Cambridge boat. Both crews are likely to be up to the average, but nothing more. The Oxford crew will probably have a fortnight's sojourn at Marlow prior to coming to Putney.



LEGAL

THE LORD CHANCELLOR is to receive on Thursday next a deputation from the Chambers of Commerce and Law Associations of Manchester and Liverpool with reference to a proposal for continuous sittings of the High Court of Justice for Chancery, Common Law, and Admiralty cases, to be held alternately in these two cities.

A SUMMONS HAS BEEN GRANTED, after some reluctance, by the sitting magistrate at Worship Street against the Resident Medical Officer of the St. Pancras Workhouse for causing the death of Lilian Ada Williams by vaccinating her. The child was only three weeks old, and it was alleged that ulceration of the vessels of the arm ensued, which proved fatal. The summons was applied for at the instance of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination.

AN AMUSING ILLUSTRATION of the slip between the cup and the lip was furnished near Sheffield by the arrest for theft of a young schoolmaster out of employment and his best man while on their way to the church, where the former was to be made happy with the hand and fortune of a wealthy lady of a certain age from Cornwall. The two were accused of having stolen a week before a hearth-rug from a certain pawnbroker's shop. Vainly the schoolmaster begged of the detective to allow him to get married before he was locked up, and showed the special license and the ring. The officer was inexorable, and the lady now declares the engagement off. The excuse of the culprits is that joy turned their heads, and that the rug was carried off in a drunken spree.

AT THE MANSION HOUSE, G. W. Foote, W. J. Ramsay, and H. A. Kemp have been committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court for publishing a certain blasphemous and impious libel in the Christmas number of the *Free Thinker*. Bail was accepted in their own recognisances of 100*l.* each, and one surety to the like amount, and the City Solicitor was formally bound over to prosecute.

THE INQUEST in the case of the St. Luke's mystery has been again adjourned till Tuesday next to give Professor Tidy time to complete his analysis of the contents of the stomach.

IT IS, PERHAPS, A LITTLE HARD ON WORKING MEN that they should be so frequently summoned to serve on juries at inquests, but it is still harder when their obedience to the law entails the loss of their situations. At an inquest before Sir John Humphreys last week the coroner indicated a remedy for this latter grievance, which if carried out would prove very effectual. "If I knew," he said, "who your employer was I would have him summoned on a great many juries, and then he would become better acquainted with the law." Nothing loth, the juryman gave the name—a revelation which will be held for some time over the employer's head in terror.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOK, alias Fred Eugenie, the converted clown, committed for trial last week at the approaching assizes by the Yeovil magistrates, has now been discharged on his own recognisances to appear when called upon. His lapse, he states, was due to an unfortunate mistake which caused him to raise to his lips another person's brandy and lemonade at the London Railway Station. The craving for alcohol once revived he went down to Yeovil, and drank till he attempted suicide.

THE VERY IMPORTANT ACTION of the United Telephone Company v. Harrison, Cox, Wilkes, and Co., was decided in favour of the plaintiffs in the Court of Appeal on Tuesday. The action turned on the validity of the patents for the inventions known as "Edison's Transmitter" and "Bell's Receiver," the specification for the former being alleged to be insufficient, while the latter invention had, it was argued, been anticipated. On this latter point the defendants had completely failed to establish their case; as for the former the Court went on the principle which has been often laid down that "it should read a patent so as to support it if it could consistently do so."

"IN OLDEN DAYS"

In olden days, when you and I,
Ere yet our morn of life was spent,
Hand linked in hand together went
Beneath the crimson twilight sky,
Across the fragrant meadow ways
The clover blossoms at our feet
 wooing us with their perfume sweet,
In olden days!

And down beside the rustic gate,
My arm around your sweet neck placed,
Your dimpled arm about my waist,
Two lives wove into one, we wait;
Nor yet one word your soft voice says;
For lo! I read within your eyes
Your joys and sorrows, smiles and sighs,
In olden days!

And in the summer silence there
We wonder still what Time may bring,
When he hath touched with envious wing
The golden radiance of your hair,
And as into your eyes I gaze,
I vow that naught shall come between
Your love and mine, as it hath been
In olden days!

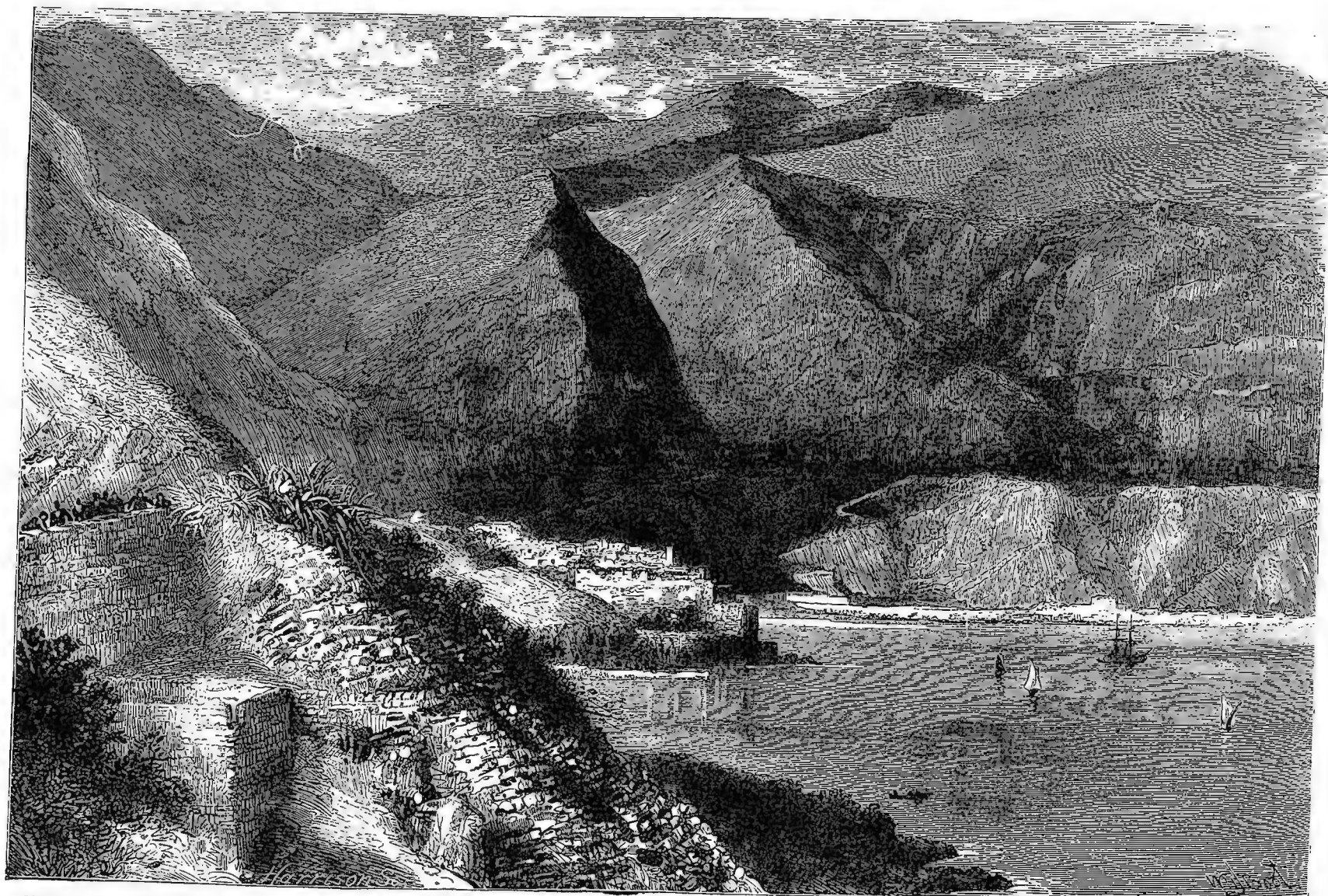
And ever since, the twilight fair
Has never shone so soft and sweet,
The clover blossoms at my feet
Have never breathed such perfume rare;
But ever in my bosom stays
The memory of your smile divine,
Of those bright eyes that looked in mine
In olden days!

WILLIAM BOOSEY

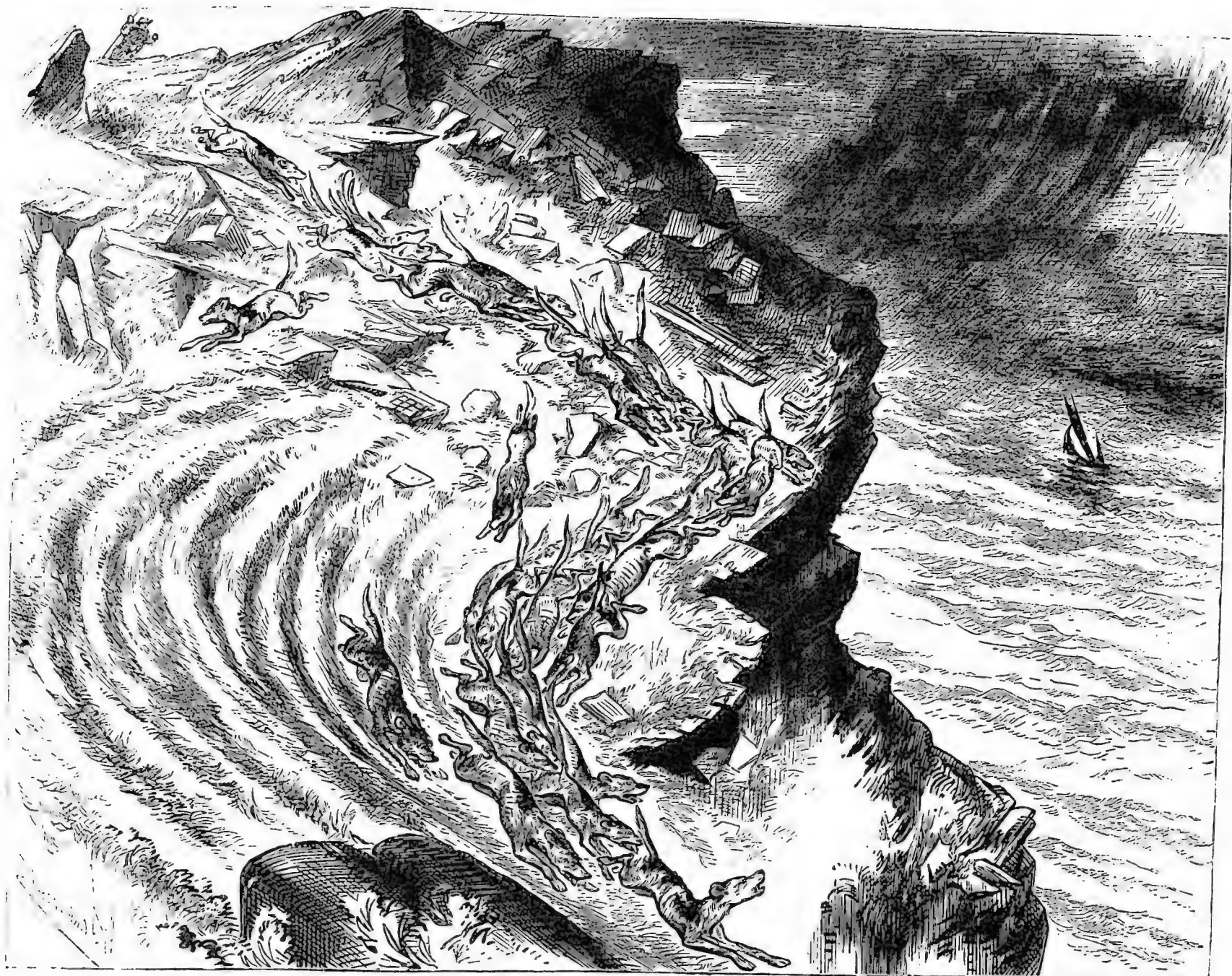


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A RUN DOWN THE CLIFF—A SKETCH FROM TINTAGEL



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A CORNISH FOX-HUNT

THE SPREAD OF FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE is still upon the increase. Seasonable hard frosty weather would in a degree check the spread of the malady, which is aided by a moist and mild atmosphere. It has been suggested that the Privy Council should make a new Order, appointing inspectors at all fairs and markets to mark every sheep and bullock shown, and that none of the animals so marked should be allowed to be sent to any fair or market for at

REMARKS.—The weather for the greater part of this period has been fine; some exceptions, however, have been noticed. During Thursday evening (1st inst.) a deep depression formed over the south-west of Ireland, and had reached St. George's Channel by the next morning, being accompanied by heavy rain and a whole gale from the south-east, veering to south-west. As this disturbance moved away in a north-easterly direction, the barometer rose very quickly, and continued rising, though less rapidly, throughout Saturday and Sunday (3rd and 4th inst.), light south-westerly airs and fine and bright weather prevailing. On Monday (5th inst.), with a high pressure system in our neighbourhood, and readings steady, the weather was again fine. Pressure slowly declined during the next day, but no alteration in the fine weather occurred. On Wednesday (7th inst.), when a subsidiary depression was found near our coast, and was attended by rain and gloomy conditions, with light winds from the south-south-eastward. Temperature has been above the average. The barometer was highest (30.24 inches) on Monday (5th inst.); lowest (28.97 inches) on Friday (1st inst.); range, 1.26 inches. Temperature was highest (62°) on Sunday (4th inst.); lowest (52°) on Thursday (1st inst.); range, 10°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.81 inches. Greatest fall on any day, .41 inches, on Friday (2nd inst.).

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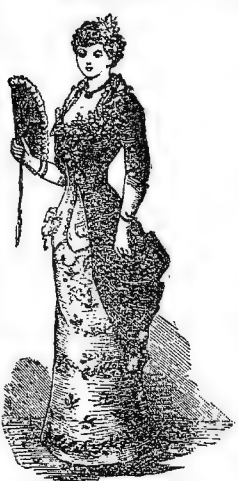
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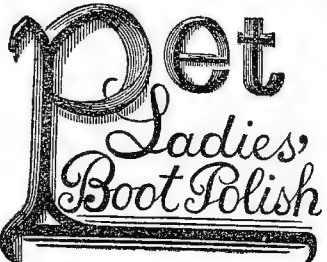


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1014, 3967 Class 1016, 3974 Class 1018, 3981 Class 1020, 3988 Class 1022, 3995 Class 1024, 4002 Class 1026, 4009 Class 1028, 4016 Class 1030, 4023 Class 1032, 4030 Class 1034, 4037 Class 1036, 4044 Class 1038, 4051 Class 1040, 4058 Class 1042, 4065 Class 1044, 4072 Class 1046, 4079 Class 1048, 4086 Class 1050, 4093 Class 1052, 4100 Class 1054, 4107 Class 1056, 4114 Class 1058, 4121 Class 1060, 4128 Class 1062, 4135 Class 1064, 4142 Class 1066, 4149 Class 1068, 4156 Class 1070, 4163 Class 1072, 4170 Class 1074, 4177 Class 1076, 4184 Class 1078, 4191 Class 1080, 4198 Class 1082, 4205 Class 1084, 4212 Class 1086, 4219 Class 1088, 4226 Class 1090, 4233 Class 1092, 4240 Class 1094, 4247 Class 1096, 4254 Class 1098, 4261 Class 1100, 4268 Class 1102, 4275 Class 1104, 4282 Class 1106, 4289 Class 1108, 4296 Class 1110, 4303 Class 1112, 4310 Class 1114, 4317 Class 1116, 4324 Class 1118, 4331 Class 1120, 4338 Class 1122, 4345 Class 1124, 4352 Class 1126, 4359 Class 1128, 4366 Class 1130, 4373 Class 1132, 4380 Class 1134, 4387 Class 1136, 4394 Class 1138, 4401 Class 1140, 4408 Class 1142, 4415 Class 1144, 4422 Class 1146, 4429 Class 1148, 4436 Class 1150, 4443 Class 1152, 4450 Class 1154, 4457 Class 1156, 4464 Class 1158, 4471 Class 1160, 4478 Class 1162, 4485 Class 1164, 4492 Class 1166, 4499 Class 1168, 4506 Class 1170, 4513 Class 1172, 4520 Class 1174, 4527 Class 1176, 4534 Class 1178, 4541 Class 1180, 4548 Class 1182, 4555 Class 1184, 4562 Class 1186, 4569 Class 1188, 4576 Class 1190, 4583 Class 1192, 4590 Class 1194, 4597 Class 1196, 4604 Class 1198, 4611 Class 1200, 4618 Class 1202, 4625 Class 1204, 4632 Class 1206, 4639 Class 1208, 4646 Class 1210, 4653 Class 1212, 4660 Class 1214, 4667 Class 1216, 4674 Class 1218, 4681 Class 1220, 4688 Class 1222, 4695 Class 1224, 4702 Class 1226, 4709 Class 1228, 4716 Class 1230, 4723 Class 1232, 4730 Class 1234, 4737 Class 1236, 4744 Class 1238, 4751 Class 1240, 4758 Class 1242, 4765 Class 1244, 4772 Class 1246, 4779 Class 1248, 4786 Class 1250, 4793 Class 1252, 4800 Class 1254, 4807 Class 1256, 4814 Class 1258, 4821 Class 1260, 4828 Class 1262, 4835 Class 1264, 4842 Class 1266, 4849 Class 1268, 4856 Class 1270, 4863 Class 1272, 4870 Class 1274, 4877 Class 1276, 4884 Class 1278, 4891 Class 1280, 4898 Class 1282, 4905 Class 1284, 4912 Class 1286, 4919 Class 1288, 4926 Class 1290, 4933 Class 1292, 4940 Class 1294, 4947 Class 1296, 4954 Class 1298, 4961 Class 1300, 4968 Class 1302, 4975 Class 1304, 4982 Class 1306, 4989 Class 1308, 4996 Class 1310, 5003 Class 1312, 5010 Class 1314, 5017 Class 1316, 5024 Class 1318, 5031 Class 1320, 5038 Class 1322, 5045 Class 1324, 5052 Class 1326, 5059 Class 1328, 5066 Class 1330, 5073 Class 1332, 5080 Class 1334, 5087 Class 1336, 5094 Class 1338, 5101 Class 1340, 5108 Class 1342, 5115 Class 1344, 5122 Class 1346, 5129 Class 1348, 5136 Class 1350, 5143 Class 1352, 5150 Class 1354, 5157 Class 1356, 5164 Class 1358, 5171 Class 1360, 5178 Class 1362, 5185 Class 1364, 5192 Class 1366, 5199 Class 1368, 5206 Class 1370, 5213 Class 1372, 5220 Class 1374, 5227 Class 1376, 5234 Class 1378, 5241 Class 1380, 5248 Class 1382, 5255 Class 1384, 5262 Class 1386, 5269 Class 1388, 5276 Class 1390, 5283 Class 1392, 5290 Class 1394, 5297 Class 1396, 5304 Class 1398, 5311 Class 1400, 5318 Class 1402, 5325 Class 1404, 5332 Class 1406, 5339 Class 1408, 5346 Class 1410, 5353 Class 1412, 5360 Class 1414, 5367 Class 1416, 5374 Class 1418, 5381 Class 1420, 5388 Class 1422, 5395 Class 1424, 5402 Class 1426, 5409 Class 1428, 5416 Class 1430, 5423 Class 1432, 5430 Class 1434, 5437 Class 1436, 5444 Class 1438, 5451 Class 1440, 5458 Class 1442, 5465 Class 1444, 5472 Class 1446, 5479 Class 1448, 5486 Class 1450, 5493 Class 1452, 5500 Class 1454, 5507 Class 1456, 5514 Class 1458, 5521 Class 1460, 5528 Class 1462, 5535 Class 1464, 5542 Class 1466, 5549 Class 1468, 5556 Class 1470, 5563 Class 1472, 5570 Class 1474, 5577 Class 1476, 5584 Class 1478, 5591 Class 1480, 5598 Class 1482, 5605 Class 1484, 5612 Class 1486, 5619 Class 1488, 5626 Class 1490, 5633 Class 1492, 5640 Class 1494, 5647 Class 1496, 5654 Class 1498, 5661 Class 1500, 5668 Class 1502, 5675 Class 1504, 5682 Class 1506, 5689 Class 1508, 5696 Class 1510, 5703 Class 1512, 5710 Class 1514, 5717 Class 1516, 5724 Class 1518, 5731 Class 1520, 5738 Class 1522, 5745 Class 1524, 5752 Class 1526, 5759 Class 1528, 5766 Class 1530, 5773 Class 1532, 5780 Class 1534, 5787 Class 1536, 5794 Class 1538, 5801 Class 1540, 5808 Class 1542, 5815 Class 1544, 5822 Class 1546, 5829 Class 1548, 5836 Class 1550, 5843 Class 1552, 5850 Class 1554, 5857 Class 1556, 5864 Class 1558, 5871 Class 1560, 5878 Class 1562, 5885 Class 1564, 5892 Class 1566, 5899 Class 1568, 5906 Class 1570, 5913 Class 1572, 5920 Class 1574, 5927 Class 1576, 5934 Class 1578, 5941 Class 1580, 5948 Class 1582, 5955 Class 1584, 5962 Class 1586, 5969 Class 1588, 5976 Class 1590, 5983 Class 1592, 5990 Class 1594, 5997 Class 1596, 6004 Class 1598, 6011 Class 1600, 6018 Class 1602, 6025 Class 1604, 6032 Class 1606, 6039 Class 1608, 6046 Class 1610, 6053 Class 1612, 6060 Class 1614, 6067 Class 1616, 6074 Class 1618, 608



DRAWN BY SYDNEY HALL

Nina Guarini, having left her carriage in a neighbouring piazza, proceeded on foot to the portal of the Palace. It was guarded by a tall and stout functionary in a cocked hat and long laced coat, holding in his hand a staff with a huge silver knob to it.

LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AMONG ALIENS," &C., &C.

"We twain have met like ships upon the sea."

CHAPTER XI.

EVERY man has his peculiar temptation. So, perhaps, has every class and every nation. The seduction which specially beset a certain set of Italians in Rome at the period of which we are writing, was the setting up of newspapers. It is not surprising that many persons should be anxious to sell what most persons are willing to buy. But in this case there was no theory of supply and demand to account for the facts which manifested themselves with the traditional stubbornness that belongs to them. The newspapers already existing made—with one or two exceptions—but a poor shift to live. And yet, week after week, fresh programmes were issued; and people were found to pay, if not for the writing, at least for the printing of some new political, humorous, social, or socialistic journal, which fluttered out a brief, and not brilliant, existence, and finally settled down into the greasy oblivion of the butter-shop.

The great science which so specially distinguishes, and has set its mark on the present century, the science of advertising, is even yet in a very rudimentary condition in Italy. One would not *à priori* suppose it to be very difficult of attainment; at all events not

difficult of imitation any more than the art of making an egg stand perpendicularly when once some Columbus has shown us how to crush the narrow end. But poverty, frugality, and suspicion are three things unfavourable to the full development of advertising. People who earn much are invariably willing to risk much. People who deny themselves no luxury, find their wants keep pace with their self-indulgence. But a poor population, which is at once traditionally conservative and profoundly sceptical, offers considerable resistance—if only of an inert kind—to the progress of advertising. Now advertisements are to modern journalism what gunpowder is to artillery. Your thunderous leading article may be a very heavy projectile, but it is the expansive force of the patent medicine vendor, the auctioneer, and the silk mercer that makes it travel. Italian newspapers are for the most part occupied with the promulgation of notions rather than nostrums, and the conflict of rival parties instead of rival pills; with the result, in many cases, of bankruptcy.

The above considerations, although simple and obvious enough, had never occurred to Gino Peretti. And even had they occurred to him they would not have hindered him from trying to set up a new daily paper. A very short existence would enable the journal to do

all that he expected of it. He did not intend to risk much hard cash in the speculation. And he perceived, or thought he perceived, that it would not be difficult to persuade others to advance what was absolutely necessary for the working expenses. Mario Masi was willing to join the affair; and had a sum of money at his disposition which would be sufficient at least to start the newspaper. Nor must it be supposed that Peretti deliberately intended to lead Masi into making a disastrous investment. Peretti's temperament had not enough sanguine hopefulness to induce him to plunge deeply into journalistic speculation himself, but it had quite sufficient to make him believe in the buoyancy of his friends.

Nina Guarini's guess had been correct, so far as it went. Mario had already done something rash before he "asked her advice" about it. But she did not know how far he was already compromised. With her practical mind she determined, however, to do what she could to help him—chiefly for Violet's sake, but also somewhat for his own. The worst was that Masi was not thoroughly sincere with her, and did not tell her accurately how his case stood. He was not precisely afraid of the Signora Nina's judgment, and he would not have shrunk from confessing any folly to her after he had

committed it, but he had the cunning of a child, who does not want to be saved beforehand from a danger he is bent on running into. What he was bent on was becoming a political writer, and establishing an influential newspaper. His pet vanity was his literary talent, and Gino Peretti had flattered this vanity for his own ends. The hope of gain from the Pontine Marshes scheme was really subsidiary in Masi's mind to the pleasure of becoming known in the Republic of Letters. We do not always—nor, perhaps, even chiefly—pursue what is commonly called our interest in this world. The pettiest passions are able to over-ride it; and there are probably few actions committed of which pecuniary interest is the sole prompter. Even Gino Peretti, who was greedy of money, would have found the salt and savour greatly diminished in his existence if, instead of the excitement of speculation, with its fluctuations of success and failure, and the importance it conferred on him in the eyes of his peers, he were bound to receive safe gains in secrecy. And yet Peretti was more than half unconscious of this in himself, and would have jeeringly repudiated any motive in his dealings, save the motive of making money.

It has been stated that Nina Guarini wrote a long letter to her husband at Milan. The gist of it was to tell him of her interference with the editing of the *Star of Progress*, and to call his attention to the article in the *Messenger of Peace*. Beppe replied, approving what she had done. But when he came home he declared that his interest in the matter was solely for the party, since he himself had resolved to have nothing to do with the Pontine Marshes scheme. If the Extreme Left could carry it through, he should be glad, as it would constitute a tangible proof of their interest in improving the condition of the agricultural classes. But, from a business point of view, he did not think much of it. The article in the *Messenger of Peace* was enough to prove that Peretti and Co. were not going to be allowed to walk over the course. "There is clearly," said Beppe, "some 'Black' landed interest at stake. Perhaps it is Ciccio Nasoni's—whom I never believed in—perhaps another's. Between the two, there won't be much to be made by the shares."

"Then you have decided not to touch it?" asked Nina. "Yes. It would require a great deal of time and trouble if I took it up seriously, and there are too many other more important matters on hand. Jules Bonnet is very keen about the new joint-stock bank, and then there is the Sardinian Land Company and the branch line to Porto Moresco to get passed through the House."

"May I do the best I can for the Pontine Marshes Company? Will you give me *carte blanche*?"

"Do you mean to invest in it on your own account? Don't dip deep!"

"I don't mean to dip at all. But Masi has dipped, I'm afraid, and I want to help him."

Beppe gave her one quick look. "Why do you want to help Masi?" said he. "I suppose it is not for his *beaux yeux*?"

"You may safely suppose so, and you might even safely bet on it. Nevertheless, it is for some one's *beaux yeux*. It is for the *beaux yeux* of a woman who is fond of him, and whom I am fond of."

"Humph! I'm afraid you will have rather an extensive business on hand if you interest yourself in every heroine of every one of Masi's *amourettes*," answered Beppe, drily.

"This is not an *amourette*—it is a serious matter."

"Really?"

"A marrying matter."

"Nonsense! Masi? Ah! Then I know the woman, if it's really serious, and you say you're fond of her. The only woman you have seemed to care a straw for years is—"

Nina gently put her hand on his mouth. "Yes," said she. "You are right. But it is a secret."

"And you think you can help them in the matter of the Pontine Marshes scheme?"

"I am pretty sure that I can put a spoke into the wheel of the *Messenger of Peace*."

"*Bonissimo!* Of course you can do as you think best. I'll trust you not to commit a *gaucherie*. I never knew you do so yet. But listen, Nina, if you find you really can give the Company a lift, you must have your due and *fair quid pro quo*. It's a bad plan to mix sentiment with business;—spoils both."

When his wife mentioned to him Peretti's scheme for establishing a new journal, Beppe merely shrugged his shoulders. "This mania for setting up newspapers is an epidemic. New disorders are in the air sometimes. We knew nothing about diphtheria, for instance, when I was a boy," said Signor Guarini philosophically. As his wife had foretold, he was neither angry nor jealous at the prospect of a rival journal. "Until some one appears who is willing to spend as much money on a daily paper as I spend on the *Star*, without getting any percentage in return, I think we need not fear rivalry," he said. "Gino Peretti will certainly not be that somebody."

Just at that time the Italian Parliament was taking a short Christmas vacation; and honourable members were scattered far and wide throughout the length and breadth of the peninsula, from the Alps to Etna, and from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic. As soon as the day for their re-assembling was fixed, Gino Peretti came to see his friend Beppe Guarini, and revealed to him with every expression of friendly confidence his project of bringing out a new journal; adding several of his accustomed flourishes about his own sincerity and straightforwardness, and so forth.

"When do you bring out your first number?" asked Guarini quietly.

The other man thoroughly understood the bearing of the question, and put himself at once on the defensive. "We begin with the Session. Almost immediately. Of course there's no time to stand shilly-shally. That's not my way. When once a thing is resolved on in my mind, I act. You think I might have mentioned the matter to you before—"

"It doesn't matter a straw," interposed Guarini.

"Yes, yes; I beg your pardon. I'm not a simpleton. You think I ought to have spoken before. But the final decision was only taken yesterday afternoon. And the instant it was taken, I sent our preliminary announcement to the printer. Here it is."

"Sharp work!" observed Guarini, who knew Peretti's statement to be a lie.

"I always make sharp work. There's our programme."

It was a comprehensive programme without doubt. The new paper was to be entirely independent in its views (a statement which a malicious and experienced politician afterwards interpreted as meaning "still open to a bid"); and was to uphold the cause of truth, freedom, righteousness, literature, art, social progress, electoral reform, and financial honesty.

Beppe took the whole matter very easily. Besides having a considerable share of native good nature, he had learned practical, if not theoretical, tolerance in wider horizons than ever met the view of such men as Gino Peretti. The "world" which the latter boasted of knowing consisted of very few and simple elements; whereas Guarini's "world" comprised several European countries, and a great variety of social classes. On many points there was the same sort of difference between the two men as may be observed between a boy brought up at home and one who has had to struggle amidst the competition of a public school. As to one thing, Beppe was inexorably firm; he would have nothing to do with the Pontine Marshes Drainage and Amelioration Company. Peretti set forth his view of its advantages with cynical frankness. "I don't know," said he, "how much good it may do to the peasantry of the district—worse off than they are now they can't be, anyway!—but I'm sure it will be an affair of gold for us if we can get the concession. My

plan would be not to carry out the works ourselves, but to cede the contract as soon as ever the thing was passed through Parliament, and then wash our hands of it. Big contracts of that kind are too risky."

"Very good, Gino," returned his friend. "I won't join you, but I won't hinder you. You shall have a puff preliminary for your new paper in the next number of the *Star of Progress*."

"And for the Company?"

"No; I have told you I don't mean to meddle with the Company." "The *Star* did meddle the other day. It had an absolutely hostile article."

"Oh, yes! in answer to the *Messenger of Peace*. Well, wasn't it the best thing that we could have done for you?"

"I don't say no;—for the moment."

"Have you come to the bottom of that tirade in the *Messenger*?" "Not I. How should I? I don't know a creature belonging to the Black lot except Ciccio Nasoni. I tried to see Ciccio a week ago, but he was away; gone down into the country for shooting, they told me."

"Aha!"

"You see, the sound of my name would be enough to make any of that party set up their quills. You know they have a perfect horror of me. I'm their bugbear."

Guarini thought within himself that his friend exaggerated both the susceptibilities of the Clerical party and his own power of exciting them, but he forbore to say so.

"But you, Beppe," pursued Peretti—"you who have so many channels of information, might find out something—hey?"

"If I do I'll let you know," answered Beppe; and so they parted.

The Signora Nina's resolve to help Masi had been quickened and intensified by an interview she had had with Violet. The girl had obeyed her friend's summons on the evening described in the last chapter, and Nina had taken her aside, and said a few affectionate words to her about Masi.

"How did you guess?" asked Violet, innocently. She felt that it would be very sweet to talk about Mario to this kind woman friend, who was younger than Aunt Betsy, and who—perhaps for that reason—Violet instinctively felt would be more sympathising on this subject. But in her staunch loyalty to her lover she checked the impulse to speak, and added almost immediately: "But, dear Signora Nina, we must say no more now on this subject. I'm sure you will not ask me when I tell you that my lips are sealed by a promise."

"If that is all, my dear Quixotic *Inglese*, you may unseal your pretty lips as soon as you please. Masi told me himself."

"Mario told you!"

"Yes, *chère petite*. He knew I was fond of you, and he thought you were fond of me, and that you wouldn't mind my knowing your secret. I will keep it, believe me."

"Mario told you!" repeated Violet. And her friend saw that she was pained. "It was only an hour or two ago, *cara*," Nina hastened to add. "There has not been time for him to see you since."

She thought that Violet felt some touch of jealous displeasure at not having been informed of her lover's confidence. But this was not the feeling in the girl's mind. That Mario's act should have been contrary to his word; that after making her solemnly promise to keep secrecy, he himself should have broken it,—this it was that hurt and perplexed her. "You are not vexed because I know, Violet?" said Nina watching her face. "No; it is not that. I like you to know."

But neither then nor ever did Nina Guarini understand Violet's view of the subject, nor what it was that had brought that shocked white look into her face. Nina could understand vexation at being deceived. But it never entered into her calculations that Violet should be hurt not for herself, but for him; for the tarnishing of his bright image in her mind. Not even an innocent romantic girl in love, thought Nina, could believe in the absolute truthfulness of her lover, or seriously expect any man to mean what he said, all that he said, and nothing but what he said.

In the experience of a world which she had found mostly despicable when it was not sad or bitter, Nina looked on inexperienced Violet Moore, at the threshold of woman's life, much as a benevolent European might have looked on the native of a newly-discovered South Sea island. Knowledge has to come, but it costs dear. And the gentle Otaheitan often buys our science at an absolutely fatal price.

After the first few words, Madame Guarini spoke of the imprudence of a settled engagement under the circumstances; and even ventured to hint at the possibility that time and absence might change each of their minds. But she found Violet impervious to any such suggestions. They loved each other. They could wait. They knew they must wait. For her part she was not only content, but proud and happy. She only wished she were more worthy of the sacrifice that Mario would make in marrying her. "Do you know, Signora Nina," she said, "that I have nothing?"

"Not now. But you have expectations—an inheritance to look forward to. Miss Baines spoke to me once of a rich uncle."

"Oh, that is Aunt Betsy's dream. But the truth is I don't believe Uncle Joshua is very fond of me. And at all events I don't count on his money. No; I am quite dependent on my kind aunt. I believe that some day I may perhaps inherit something less than a thousand francs a year which she has power to bequeath to me. But of my very own I have nothing."

"And does Masi know all these details?"

"Of course," returned Violet, opening wide eyes of astonishment. Then with a merry laugh, "Oh, you need not be afraid that he has chosen me under the delusion that I am an heiress. I shall not have to make any terrible revelation like a heroine in a romance."

Violet's cheerful trustfulness in the future made her friend sadder than any fretful repinings could have done. It seemed to her so piteous. But Nina, whatever her acquired defects might be, was not at all events given to the indulgence of vain sentimentality. Her energetic spirit spurred her to action. "Unexpected things happen every day," she said to herself, thinking over the interview when Violet had gone home. "It may be that Masi is in earnest for once, and will put his shoulder manfully to the wheel, for the sake of this sweet girl who loves him—as he could never have hoped to be loved."

The Signora was not flatteringly sanguine as to Captain Masi's final perseverance against difficulties. But he should have what friendly help she could give him.

On the day after the publication of Peretti's exhaustive newspaper programme, Masi came to Madame Guarini and announced to her that he had "burnt his ships."

"What do you mean?"

"I've sent in my papers."

"It's not possible!"

"Very possible. I find that the newspaper work will take all my time if I'm to do it thoroughly. And I don't intend to half do it. I have made up my mind to leave the army. In fact, it's done. There's no more to be said. I've sent in my papers."

Then it was that Nina resolved to begin her campaign in earnest and to see "Max."

CHAPTER XII.

THE Palazzo Nasoni is a shapeless, rambling, gloomy, unpicturesque pile of buildings at the very core of a tangle of dark, built streets in the older portion of mediæval Rome. It has been built at various epochs, and with various aims. In its first origin it was simply a fortress, wherein a brood of ferocious nobles defended themselves behind stout battlements against kindred nobles equally

ferocious; and sometimes against the hungry desperation of their non-noble fellow-creatures. Then came times when their privileges no longer needed to be defended by the sword—at all events not by their own swords; and when the family tree produced a Pope for Christendom, and put forth gorgeous crimson and purple blossoms from its rough baronial rind. Those were the days when the great suite of reception rooms had been built; lofty, spacious, marble-paved, but neither warm, light, nor habitable. They were, in fact, not intended to be habitable; being due to the pompous ostentation of a certain Cardinal of the family, in whose mind the ancestral palace was not so much a house to dwell in, as an advantageous stage to be seen on. Home life there was none in the Cardinal's time. Such privacy as there was, retreated to a row of little back rooms like cells, which in summer were endurable owing to the thick old walls that kept the heat out, but which in winter struck melancholy to the soul and rheumatism to the bones. Late in the eighteenth century the head of the family had made a rich marriage, espousing the blue-eyed Austrian to whom Don Ciccio owed his colouring. And the fortunes of the family, already sorely injured by wastefulness and the obstinate nonconformity with the exigencies of a new and rapidly changing era, were in a great measure restored by the bride's wide estates. An apartment built for the special use of this noble lady was still the most comfortable and cheerful—or the least uncomfortable and dreary—of the whole pile. It consisted of a two-storied building squeezed into the only sunny corner of the great courtyard. The bride's special rooms were on the first floor, and had once communicated with the Cardinal's suite, as it was called. But the door of communication had been walled up long ago, and the *Quartiere Nuovo*, or New Quarter (which designation it had now borne for over a hundred years) was approached by a winding staircase leading up from a low doorway in the courtyard. Above the *Quartiere Nuovo* was a set of low rooms, little more than garrets, formerly occupied by domestics when Casa Nasoni fed and housed a numerous body of retainers; below it, on the *entresol*, was a little residence generally let furnished to some stranger of whose character and antecedents the old Princess received satisfactory accounts. This tenant was often a foreign Catholic ecclesiastic; sometimes a lay personage of good family. Occasionally it was even an English heretic well recommended, able and willing to pay for the glory of writing "Palazzo Nasoni" on his visiting card, and with a genteel sentiment of attachment for the *ancien régime* in Rome: that same *régime* being a delightfully picturesque and historical old shoe which (surely) never could have pinched any one, and which at all events cannot certainly pinch us, who have now for some centuries ceased to wear it. At one side of the doorway leading to the *Quartiere Nuovo* jutted out the base of the battlemented fourteenth-century tower, known as *Tor Nasoni*. On the other side was the private chapel of the family. The Princess inhabited the old part of the palace in shivering stateliness. Ciccio, besides his bachelor lodging in the Corso, had furnished a couple of small rooms in the tower, which were at his disposition whenever he chose to use them. And the *Quartiere Nuovo* was occupied by Prince Massimiliano, the head of the family, who had established himself there ever since his wife's death twenty years ago.

Massimiliano, or as he was familiarly called, Massimo, Nasoni was extremely unlike his son in appearance. The Prince had the high, somewhat stern, features and fine dark eyes of his family. He was now, at fifty-five years of age, still a singularly handsome man. He had never in his life persevered in the pursuit of any one object for long together, except the object of preserving his personal attractions. His efforts in this direction had been crowned with the success which usually follows steady endeavour. He had too much taste, and too refined a knowledge of his subject, to make himself ridiculous by over-dyeing, padding, or pinching. His still abundant hair was grizzled, and made an agreeable contrast of tone with the eyebrows and moustaches which Nature had made, and Art kept, jet black. His beard, which had become very grey, was closely shaven. He had a slight and graceful figure, with a peculiarly erect and lofty carriage of the head and throat. When he smiled he showed two rows of perfect teeth, most of which were his own. His manner towards women had an insinuating melancholy softness, and towards men was marked by easy politeness which had but one bluish—tendency to become obviously condescending. He had been born noble, rich, and handsome. At fifty-five years he had wasted prestige and patrimony, while the third good gift—beauty—the inexorable years were surely, if slowly, destroying inch by inch and line by line.

Perhaps there is not much moral superiority in a selfishness which is careless and unreflecting, over a selfishness which calculates and foresees. But undoubtedly the former is by most persons more easily forgiven and tolerated than the latter. Prince Massimo Nasoni was popular with his dependents and familiars. His son, Don Francesco, Duca di Pontalto, was disliked. The father was *bon Prince*, and wasted his own and other folks' substance with a generous air. The son was socially a prig, and humanly a blockhead. But he made no debts, and the regularity of his conduct had been a source of great satisfaction to his grandmother, who had been used to point to him with pride as a specimen of the results achieved by a strictly careful and Catholic education. Soon after attaining his majority, however, Ciccio had scandalised his family and friends by a species of wild-oat sowing very different from the usual dissipations of youth. He had taken to politics and democracy. He had contested an election as Deputy for Rocca Sterile, and would have won it had his opponent not been an influential member of the Right, then in power, whose candidature was supported by all the Governmental officials of the neighbourhood. And now, under a Ministry of the Left, he announced his intention of standing again for Parliament at the earliest opportunity. People said how extraordinary this was, and that it would not have been half so surprising if the Prince, who was a black sheep, and led an unedifying life, had joined the "Sardinian party of revolution." But that Francesco should have done so—Francesco, the model pupil of that saintly woman his grandmother and her ecclesiastical *aides-de-camp*—this was indeed amazing and unaccountable. The fact was that Prince Nasoni, whatever might be his peccadilloes, considered himself a faithful son of the Church; and to strangers it was a puzzling spectacle to observe the admixture of superstitious bigotry and practical levity which distinguished that noble Roman. Don Ciccio was too cold for bigotry, and too dull for levity. He had hitherto only displayed two strong sentiments in his life. The first was a profound affection and admiration for himself; the second an equally profound dislike and disapproval of his father. The natures of the two men were not only different, but antagonistic. And this it was, rather than any theoretic differences as to politics and religion, which kept them apart. It has been written by a keen observer of humanity that "antipathies arise from the shock of characters, and not from the conflict of ideas."

Nina Guarini was well acquainted with the state of things in the Nasoni household—the loveless, rigid life of the old Princess, who compensated herself for voluntary sacrifices to theories she believed in by exacting involuntary sacrifices from other people who did not believe in them at all; the road to ruin on which the Prince had so far advanced, and was still advancing, with much gaiety or demeanour; the staid, shallow, and self-satisfied existence of Don Ciccio. The external circumstances of the family were known to "all Rome." But Nina had a clearer insight into them than tell to the share of "all Rome." After a brief deliberation, she sent the following note to Prince Nasoni:—

"I wish to have ten minutes private talk with you on business."

Tell me when I may be sure to find you. I will come to you. I prefer it. To-morrow or Thursday at any hour you may appoint. My messenger waits for an answer.

"NINA GUARINI, née LASZINSKA."

This note was brought to the Prince about noon, when he had just completed his toilet for the day, and was preparing to go out. When he saw the signature his slender, exquisitely cared-for white hand was not quite steady, and he kept his eyes fixed on the paper long enough to have read its contents three or four times over. At length he inquired of his servant—furtively watchful under an air of respectful indifference—if the bearer of that note were waiting.

"Yes, Excellenza; in the ante-room."

"Tell him I shall write the answer immediately."

"Yes, Excellenza."

The Prince promptly seated himself at an elegant little writing-desk, promptly took out writing materials, promptly dipped his pen in the ink—and then fell into a brown study for full ten minutes, with his head leaning on one hand, while the pen in the other hand idly traced arabesques over the blotting paper. "Nina Laszinska!" he murmured. "How the years go by!" Finally he roused himself, and wrote this answer:

"I shall be proud and honoured to receive you here to-morrow or Thursday, or any day. I would say 'at your own hour,' but that I know you to be categorical and imperative, and that when you bid me appoint a time I have no choice but to obey. I shall therefore wait at home alone to-morrow and every day this week until it suits you to appear, from four o'clock to seven P.M. I respectfully kiss your hands."

"MAX."

Then he rang for the messenger, and himself gave the note into his hands. Pippo, the grave and confidential, received it silently with a low bow, silently slipped it into his pocket, and silently went his way—much to the disappointment of the Prince's servant, who had been hovering in the hall in the hope of a chat, and who considered such close and reserved behaviour on the part of a fellow-domestic singularly ill-bred and offensive.

All the rest of that day Prince Nasoni wondered at intervals what could be the object of Madame Guarini's visit, and he made first one conjecture and then another. And then he recurred to the words "on business" in her note, and wondered what business question could possibly arise between them. And then he said to himself: "Pshaw! That's the phrase she chooses to use for whatever subject it may be that interests her." And then he fell silent and thoughtful, and contemplated himself attentively in the nearest looking-glass at his club, or his café, or wherever he happened to be. And when he turned his back on a coterie of intimate friends to go home that night, one or two of them remarked that Massimo was ageing, and that, moreover, his increasingly rapid progress towards the dogs was at length beginning to tell on his spirits.

The Prince's suspense, however, did not last long. The next afternoon, when the wintry dusk was settling down on the narrow streets around the Palazzo Nasoni, where the darkness arrived earlier and stayed longer than in other parts of the town, Nina Guarini, having left her carriage in a neighbouring piazza, proceeded on foot to the portal of the Palace. It was guarded by a tall and stout functionary in a cocked hat and long laced coat, holding in his hand a staff with a huge silver knob to it. The keeping this majestic porter—who on the great Church festivals appeared in a dazzling livery, knee-breeches, and bright pink stockings—was an expenditure which the old Princess could never be induced to curtail. Palazzo Nasoni had had a porter with a cocked hat and silver-knobbed staff from time immemorial, and Palazzo Nasoni should continue to keep up that imposing institution, at least as long as she lived. His very change of costume on holidays was, she considered, a useful protest against the tendencies of the day, and a profession of adherence to the old system. When things went badly—and they sometimes had gone very badly—the Princess cut off a dish from the dinner of her household (first setting the example herself), diminished the allowance of oil, wore her black silk gown to an unwonted point of shabbiness, sent her horses to an estate in the country, dismissed her coachman, and put down her carriage. She had even consented to sell more than one of the "old masters" out of the Nasoni picture-gallery, and to replace them secretly on the walls by copies. But the porter remained perennial, neither did the glory of his cocked hat diminish nor the roseate hue of his silk stockings wax pale.

Past this incarnate symbol of so many facts and fancies, walked Nina Guarini in her elegant dark winter robe and furs. He did not challenge her; did not even particularly notice her. There was an English lady now occupying the furnished apartment in the *entresol*; and her visitors passed in and out, without attracting the honour of much attention from the porter, whose opinion of his own importance was still higher than his mistress's, and who assumed as an axiom of conduct that it was running a foolish risk to be civil to any one before he tipped you. Nina crossed the gravelled courtyard, dark, dull, and silent at this hour, and made her way by the dim light of one lamp over the doorway, to the foot of the winding staircase that led to the *Quartiere Nuovo*. She mounted it with her firm, light, measured step, neither hasting nor lagging; passed the English lady's *entresol*, and stopping on the first floor rang at the bell which pealed loudly in the lofty entrance hall. The first sound of it had scarcely begun to vibrate before the Prince himself opened the door, and admitted her.

(To be continued)



"ARCHBISHOP TAIT AND THE PRIMACY," the opening article in *Quarterly*, is an able study of a noteworthy career whose influence will long survive its close. Certainly of no other Primate of recent times can it be said, as the reviewer justly says of Tait, that he was felt to be "not merely the official head of the Church, but the true representative of the Church to the nation at large." Yet his career, though altogether exceptional, both in the advancement which raised him at a bound from the repose of a Deanery to one of the highest positions in the Church, and in the domestic sorrows which seemed to link him even in middle life to a world beyond the grave, was one throughout of development and adaptation to new duties rather than of change. The real man, with his strong grasp of vital truths, and his wise healthy toleration for lesser things, comes out as clearly in the Rugby sermons as in the London Charges, or the later work which showed him to be at once a Primate and a statesman. And it was quite in accordance with the whole tenor of his life that his latest act should have been that overture for a truce which Ritualists have somewhat thanklessly described as a surrender. It is interesting to be able to add on such good authority as the review that his successor in the See is the very Prelate whom he himself would have chosen for the post.—Among the remaining articles we can only mention a charming paper on "The Private Life of Mazarin," that prince of *virtuosi* and best-abused of statesmen; and another, full of curious information, on the least known of semi-civilised countries, "Corea." Yet though almost as isolated now from intercourse with Europeans as was Japan before her revolution,

and partly from the same cause—the ascendancy of a caste of feudal nobles—Corea has held a higher place in her day. It was from her that the Japanese derived both their religion and their ceramic art, and to Corea is also due the invention of moveable metallic types, a full century and a-half before the days of Faust and Gutenberg.—Of the political articles it is needless to say much. The *Quarterly* at least is firm in the belief that Conservatives must take their stand upon the ancient ways and the inherent antipathy of Englishmen to all that is revolutionary, and not outbid Radicals for the favour of the democracy on the misleading pretence that "the party must do something."

The *Church Quarterly*, though addressing a special class, has always much of general interest—in the present number a memoir of "E. B. Pusey," a dispassionate critique—refreshing after the blind turmoil of 1881—of "Carlyle's Life and Works," and an antiquarian article on "Early Christian Remains in Scotland." "Can Unfermented Wine Be Used in the Holy Communion?" affords space for some interesting investigations into the nature of the wines drunk long ago. But that teetotal fanatics and concoctors of "unfermented wines" should have power to make such topics a subject of doctrinal discussion tempts one to exclaim with Charles James Fox, "Clear that nonsense out of your head."

To the *Fortnightly* a "Friend and Follower" contributes an extremely able memoir of "Gambetta." That the ex-Dictator's power of bringing men over to his side prevented civil war in 1877 is now an open secret. The Generals then in command of the army admit as much. But it is also, according to this writer, a mistake to suppose that Gambetta was an enemy to the Church. The Clericalism he combated was that of the Gallican Episcopate, who tried to set themselves above the State, though the Pope himself discouraged their pretensions. Gambetta, who was on somewhat intimate terms with the late Nuncio, wished only to keep the Church within the limits of the Concordat.—Colonel Butler's "New Army Tried by the Old Test" is capital as a bit of military description, though it does not quite satisfy us that the Old Test—the test which puts organisation and endurance to the proof—was sufficiently applied in a fight that was finished in a single round.—Mr. Trail's dialogue, *à la* Landor, between the ghosts of "Lord Westbury and Bishop Wilberforce," is very smartly written, if nothing more.—Mr. T. Fowler's "Third Reform Bill—Why Delay It?" more than half persuades us that Radicals would do well to urge immediate action in the matter. It might be hard to submit other measures to a fresh postponement; but would they not, on the other hand, be carried with a rush by the reforming zeal of the first new Parliament?

In the *Nineteenth Century* the Duke of Argyll sweeps away, in his "Economic Condition of the Highlands," a mighty cloud of sentimental fallacies. People have forgotten what Scott told them in "Rob Roy" of life in the Highlands before 1745, and the universal distress, relieved only by emigration and enlistment, which prevailed at the beginning of the present century. Yet even so, except in Argyll, which is next door to Glasgow, there has been a reasonable increase in the population since 1800; and it is better fed, more highly paid, and more conveniently distributed. Those who would people the wild West once more with starving crofters should take timely warning from Lewis.—Dr. Jessopp draws from parish records preserved in Rougham Hall since the reign of Henry III, a picture at once terrible and striking of "Village Life in Norfolk Six Hundred Years Ago." Murders and robberies and riotous outbreaks, repressed by savage executions of the chief culprits, were among the commonest of incidents; and the labourer and *villein*, scantily clothed and poorly fed, had only the consolation that the larger farmers fared scarcely better. Left-handed marriages seem to have been common among the clergy, and were broken off as readily as they had been contracted when the priest got some valuable preferment necessitating stricter compliance with the Romish rule. The poor man's one friend in those days was the then new order of Preaching Friars.

M. Gambetta again fills naturally the chief place in M. Monod's *Contemporary* article on "Life and Thought in France," and the coincidence of the judgment of this austere critic (to whom much in M. Gambetta's public career, and still more in the coarse irregularities of his private life are most offensive) with that of passionate admirers like M. Reinach and "A Follower," is strong evidence of the uniformity of the impression which that powerful personality has left behind. Even Gambetta's seeming obstinacy in declaring that he must carry *scrutin de liste* or resign has been amply justified by subsequent events. A German, on the other side, begins a spiteful critique by reducing M. Gambetta's good qualities to two—integrity and good nature. Even as an orator he is pronounced a man of words whom only a generation lost to all sense of proportion would ever set in comparison with Mirabeau.—Dr. Lansdell's brisk defence of his published description of "A Russian Prison" against the criticisms of Prince Krapotkin casts some doubt on the good faith of the latter. The good governors whom the Prince insinuates were removed as a punishment for too great leniency have in truth been appointed to higher posts, and the only political prisoner Dr. Lansdell saw in the terrible fortress of St. Peter and Paul—a man who had tried to murder the late Czar—was "lying at full length upon his bed reading a book and smoking a cigar."—Under the title of "Democratic Toryism," Mr. Forwood—the defeated of Liverpool—makes a personal confession of his faith. If a Democrat he is only a Democrat in this, that he would have the party avail themselves to the utmost of the strain of Conservatism which he imagines to exist among the English working classes.

That "The Experiment of Universal Suffrage" has already proved injurious, and in the long run may work the ruin of the great Republic of the United States, is firmly maintained by Professor Winchell in the new number of the *North American Review*. For a remedy the Professor suggests the periodical adjustment of suffrage rights, with due regard to character, property, family, &c., by a Suffrage-Commission for each township—a Board, in fact, like any other County Board of Supervisors. Whether "qualified suffrage" can be introduced at this hour "without bloodshed," the Professor admits to be a doubtful point. His article will at least be welcome reading to those who, like Mr. Lewis in the *Nineteenth Century*, declare that Americans look "with astonishment and dismay" at our downward course towards "government by mere numbers."

Blackwood, the *Cornhill*, and *Temple Bar* present this month an *embarras du richesses*. An admirable and, so far as we know, perfectly novel account ("A New Winter Resort") of Haifa in Syria, and the German colony there established under the leadership of Pastor Hoffmann, the head and founder of the so-called "Temple Society," harmless enthusiasts, who hold that Christ's second coming is delayed by the lack of a community prepared to receive Him, and who have, therefore, settled down in Palestine to cultivate the land and practise the simple Christian virtues, cannot, however, be omitted in our notice of the first; nor in the *Cornhill*, "The Memories of Léon Gambetta"—in some respects, perhaps, the very best of all that his followers this month have given us. It was in '71, when living in obscure lodgings at San Sebastian, that his best friend, Ch. Laurier, whom the Commune had converted to Royalism, vainly made him the most dazzling offers, if he would turn on those who had slighted him and re-enter the Assembly as a Monarchist. Yet all that Gambetta then had in the world was the balance of his last quarter's salary at Bordeaux.—As interesting, though in a different way, are the amusing recollections of "Mr. Gladstone's School-days," by H. B. Richards, in *Temple Bar*. The reforming energy and the devouring activity of

later life were traceable even in the young Etonian: above all, when he became Editor of the *Miscellany*—the successor of the well-known *Microcosm*. Judging from the extracts, however, we should say, with all deference to Mr. Richards, that the "Ode to Wat Tyler" was "wrote sarcastic."

In *Macmillan* there is nothing more to our taste than Professor Masson's "Memoirs of the Late Dr. John Brown."—Mrs. Oliphant's clever "Wizard's Son" comes perilously near the border line, where the mystical ceases to be awe-inspiring. A conversational ghost, in a tumble-down Highland castle, who takes a chair and holds his tongue when the servant is in the room, is apt to suggest an irreverent ghost-story in "Pickwick."

In the *Century* Frank Cushing tells with considerable spirit ("My Adventures in Zuni, II.") how the Zunis came to treat him as one of themselves, and finally, after much "hardening of his meat," by making him live for weeks on Zuni food and sleep in the cold, adopted him into the tribe and named him Te-na-tsa-hi, "after a magical plant that grows on a single mountain in the West."—To *Harper* Mr. Wirt Sikes sends a pleasant paper of rambles on the Wild West Coast, with charming illustrations by H. Fenn of storm-riven rocks and clefts in the cliffs near Pembroke and St. David's; and Mr. Tuttle a valuable article on "German Political Leaders," with portraits by Herr Reinhart of the chief celebrities of the Reichsrath.

"A Mountain Tulip," a paper by Grant Allen on some of those isolated colonies of plants which go on flourishing on lonely mountain tops, though separated since pre-historic times by vast distances from any of their floral kindred; a well-written but much too plaintive paper on "The Irish Peasantry;" and a pretty dog story for children by F. Anstey, may all be commended to the readers of *Longman's*.—To the *Gentleman's* Mr. Stanley Lane Poole contributes an interesting paper on "Joseph and Zuleykha," the Arabic counterpart of the tale of Potiphar's wife; and Mr. Buchanan a fresh chapter of his "New Abelard."

Belgravia (where "Heart and Science" shows Mr. Wilkie Collins almost at his best in his powerful and original creation Dr. Benjulia), *Tinsley*, *London Society*, and the *Argosy*, should all delight the lovers of facile fiction. The *Army and Navy* and the *United Service* magazines, though hardly this month in their very best form, have still some fairly attractive papers—Colonel Malleson's "Firuzshahar and Sobraon" in the former; in the latter "Historical Records of the Household Cavalry" and the first part of a memoir of "Surcouf," by Mr. Laughton.

In the *Antiquary* Mr. Barclay Head begins an interesting account of old "Greek Coins;" and Mr. Reynolds describes under the title of "An Old Peerage and Baronetage," the first attempt to produce a popular manual of this kind in the shape of "A Help to English History by Robert Hall," a *nom de plume* adopted for the occasion, as subsequent editions reveal, by Peter Heylin, Prelate of Westminster, 1652.—In the *Bibliographer* is a paper on "Lambeth Palace Library" and some curious notes of "Early Periodicals" and "Old Satires on Booksellers and Printers."

Short memoirs of Archbishop Tait are among the attractions of *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*, the Bishop of Dover's in the latter periodical being particularly interesting as the contribution of a favourite pupil who was also one of the few watchers at his old master's death-bed. Other papers well worth reading in *Good Words* are "Carlyle's Home at Craigen-Puttock" and Dr. Richardson's "Model Tricycle."

We have to acknowledge the *Leisure Hour*, with a capital account of "Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden;" *Chambers's* with a new serial by J. B. Harwood and a cleverly constructed story "For Himself Alone," by T. W. Speight; the *Sunday at Home* and *Hardwicke's Science Gossip*.

Little Folks, that admirable juvenile magazine, begins the year with two capital numbers, each containing a goodly store of literature and illustrations for children of all ages. There are the opening chapters of two serial stories, and a host of miscellaneous articles, such as "What Shall We Play?" a useful description of new winter games; "How to Paint and Decorate Christmas Cards;" "Some Little Ones of the Street," picturesque accounts of the lives of a flower girl and a newspaper boy; "Some New Glimpses of Doll-land and Toyland," an interesting description of a visit to a Doll Factory; also an admirable series of articles on the "Children of all Nations." Then there are no lack of grave and gay verses scattered about the pages, with illustrations; and "Biblical Lessons for Sunday Afternoons," while we must not forget "The Editor's Pocket Book," a perfect *olla podrida* of information, or the numerous and amusing problems to be solved in the puzzle corner.



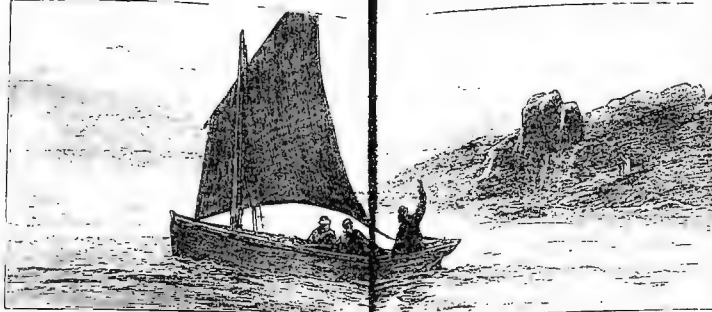
JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—The quaint old poem, by G. Wither, "Shall I, Wasting in Despair?" has been set to a melody—a very good imitation after the antique—by H. Roubier, under the title of "Love." A tenor will find this a useful addition to his *répertoire*.—A merry little love song, of the domestic type, is "Hetty's Way," written and composed by Byron Webber and Lionel Elliott.—Pathetic, as its name would imply, is "Old Letters," a charming poem, by Frederick Locker; very gracefully set to music by Emily B. Farmer.—"The Silver Line" is a very pretty poem by H. P. Stephens, set to appropriate music, in 3-4 time, for a flexible soprano, by Edward Solomon.—"Sarabande," for the pianoforte, by E. Nollett, is a cheerful piece for the drawing-room.—A popular set of waltzes is "Belle Lurette," arranged from Offenbach's opera by O. Métra as solo, duet, septett, or for the full orchestra.

MESSRS. PATERSON AND SONS.—Singers of medium compass who are well up in the Scottish dialect will make a lasting and favourable impression with "The Auld Fisher," written and composed by G. MacDonald and Elma.—"Wee Alice," a simple ballad, written and composed by James Young, will please in the home-circle, and be asked for again and again; the compass is within the middle octave.—"Echoes of the Past," written and composed by E. Oxenford and John Kinross, is pretty, but of an ordinary type.—"My Birthday Waltz," by J. M. Markham, is tuneful, and the time is well marked—as are "Souvenir de la Jeunesse Valse," par Pierre Perot, and "The Mona Valse," by J. McLachlan Key; the last-named is the most original of the three.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Franz Abt's "Songs of the Bells," originally published with the staff notation, have been arranged by Frank Sharp on the Tonic Sol-Fa system. These twelve pleasing part-songs for first and second trebles will no doubt prove as welcome additions to the library of the Tonic Sol-Fa disciples (Messrs. Methven Simpson and Co.).—There is nothing very new in "Faithful Hearts," a narrative song of medium compass, written and composed by E. Oxenford and Albert Lowe (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—A pretty piece for the schoolroom is "Souvenir des Alpes," a polka mazurka, by W. E. Helbin (Messrs. V. and A. Dobrowski).—The hideous frontispiece to "The Bon Gout Polka," by Henni Stiles, would cause many people to throw it aside in disgust; the music is fairly good (Messrs. E. George and Co.).—A pleasing and danceable valse is "Oublier Jamais" ("Forget Never"), by Frank J. Smith (Messrs. Conrad Herzog and Co.).



THE FIRST BITE



WE SAIL AWAY IN THE EVENING



READY WITH THE GAFF



"MISSED HIM"



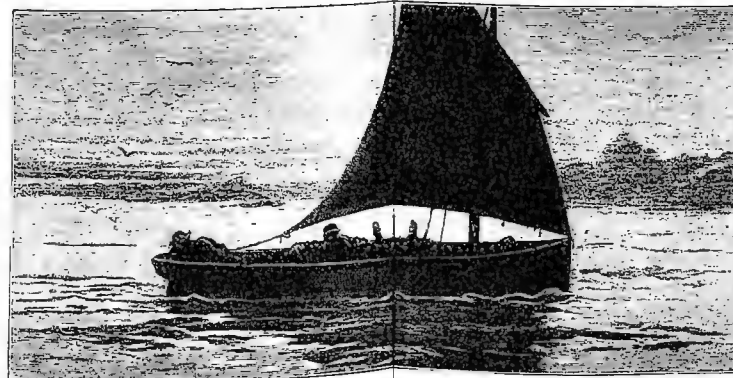
A MONSTER



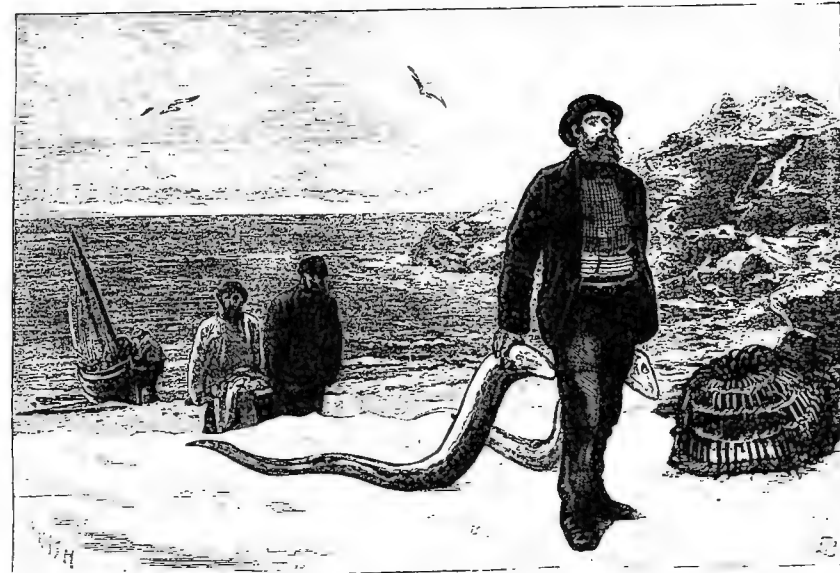
WE ARE NEARLY RUN DOWN



WE PROCURE BAIT



WE RETURN IN THE MORNING MOSTLY ASLEEP



THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN

A NIGHT WITH THE CONGERS



How many years is it since one used to look forward to Alison's monthly diatribe in *Blackwood* against free trade, enjoying it the better the more fierce and uncompromising it was? As is often the case, the violent political scribe was a most amiable gentleman, given to look at the bright side of things, genial, and brimfull of optimism in regard to his own surroundings, and so fair and sensible that he won the goodwill even of those desperate Radicals, the Glasgow workmen. All this comes out in a pleasing, egotistic way (though sometimes at such unreasonable length as to remind us of Disraeli's "Professor Wordy, who took seven volumes to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories") in "Some Account of My Life and Writings," by Sir Archibald Alison (Blackwood). The descriptions of foreign scenery are open to this charge of overfulness, though we must remember foreign scenery was not then overdone as it has been for the last half life-time. We admire Sir Archibald's shrewdness more than his word-painting. The way in which he hits off the Whigs everywhere and at all times as a Mutual Admiration Society who always say the same thing, is simply perfect. What would Sydney Smith and Macaulay and the other lights of Holland House have said about their weakness being monotony? Yet it is so true. The most vividly interesting part of the book is how Sir Archibald, as High Sheriff of Lanarkshire, dealt with the strike and rattening and other troubles at Glasgow in 1838. With a score of police he made a swoop on a batch of conspirators in a low public-house, and the outbreak was over; and before long the gallant Sheriff had got immensely popular with the very class it had been his duty to bring to reason. Why he was not more written up by his own party was largely due to personal spite. John Wilson Croker, of the *Quarterly*, had in hand a History of the French Revolution, and he never forgave Alison for taking up the same subject and anticipating him in it. Besides being a great sight-seer, Sir Archibald was almost as great a reader as Macaulay. In this autobiography he tells us all he does and thinks, and appraises for our behoof the people (often men one is glad to know about) whom he meets. All this gives a charm to the book which will force even the veriest caucus-man to confess (as did Mr. Wakley after cross-examining Alison in the House) "the fact is, you'd be a devilish good fellow if you weren't such a confounded Tory."

The flight of time may be measured by the editions of Mr. Knox Wigram's "Justice's Note-Book" (Stevens and Sons), of which the third, corrected up to December, 1882, is before us. There is a good deal of amusement to be got out of the volume, some of it of the selfish kind which comes of reflecting on others' troubles. The law of settlement, for instance, which some of us fondly hoped had been made quite simple, is still full of pitfalls for the unfortunate justice and the no less unfortunate ratepayer. "It is to be hoped," as was observed by the late Chief Justice Cockburn, "that any amending Act which the Legislature may pass will be clearer than this." Its smooth phrases (says Mr. Stevens) contain material for endless litigation. Exactly so; and while it is so it is no use blaming "justices' justice." A Solon would be puzzled to settle, in many a case that crops up, the exact meaning of 39 and 40 Vict., c. 61. Another point that comes out forcibly in this little manual is the insufficiency of circumstantial evidence. It answers well in ninety-nine cases; in the hundredth it would lead to gross injustice. Mr. Stevens cites a curious case in which the evidence seemed complete, and sentence was inflicted, when other evidence came out quite unexpectedly, and reversed the decision.

When "Two Brothers" published their "Guesses at Truth," and thereby indirectly founded the great publishing house of Macmillan, the plan of republishing magazine articles had scarcely come into vogue. Whether or not this plan, now so universal, is a gain to society we will not pause to consider. One thing is clear; for an essay to get published in a magazine it must, generally speaking, reach a level of excellence which (as critics know to their sorrow) not all new books attain to. And Mr. St. George Stock's "Attempts at Truth" (Trübner) are far above the average of "padding." He quite needlessly deprecates the notion of having borrowed from Mr. Herbert Spencer; the ideas which he works out (as well as his way of working) are in the air; and are therefore the common property of every thinker; and when scientists like Mr. Wallace go in for Spiritualism Mr. Stock needs no apology for endeavouring to point out the difference between the imposture (of which he says he has had abundant experience) and the mysterious something which he believes to be real. He is happy in his phrases, as where he calls Arthur Hallam the "Marcellus of Modern Literature;" scarcely so happy when he calls Swedenborg the "Columbus of the world of mind;" and if few will agree with such trenchant assertions as "Natural theology is hopelessly gone if we give up the revelation," they are useful because they force us to shake off for a moment the shroud of commonplace which envelops us. But in spite of all Mr. Stock's reasoning we think Spiritualism will never stand against the Materialism for which he looks on it as a substitute.

Mr. Stock's way is very different from that of "A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen" (Macmillan). The latter, indeed, makes no attempt at reasoning. The one truth that God is Love suffices to paint the Hereafter for her in colours wholly different from those in which it presented itself to Baxter and Bunyan. It may be, as Mr. Stock says, that "we owe our advance in religious conception to the Humes, the Voltaires, the Tom Paines, the Godwins of the preceding age;" but the fact is certain, that our conceptions have advanced, and the bare suggestion that the spectacle of God's justice, as shown forth in the tortures of the damned, enhances the blessedness of the saints in glory, fills us with horror instead of with godly comfort. The Little Pilgrim's Journey is not a book to be argued about, but to be read and pondered on. We may call it the "Universalist's Pilgrim's Progress;" but it is another mark of difference that, whereas the Elstow cobbler's book appealed at once, and still appeals, to the masses, this little work, daintily got up, and out of the reach of the very poor, will have, we fear, a long time to wait before it comes to a penny edition.

From "People I have Met," by the late Mr. Grenville Murray (Vizetelly) much is to be gained in the way of "ensemble of life and instruction of manners." We don't mean to say that the stories are apocryphal; there is a flavour of truth about most of them. And if, in one, Dr. Pusey is brought in a little like a *Deus ex machina*, still such wholly unexpected testimony to the influence of the great High Church leader quite accords with fact. Very sad, but, we fear, not overdrawn, is the picture of Auriol Beaudesert, the promising son, brought by drink far lower than the proverbial cab-driving. "The Butler" is admirably sketched; but we do hope favourite daughters are not generally given to running off with æsthetic house-painters after having refused half the county.

Holme Moss is the happy hunting-ground of Manchester weavers given to Natural History; and Bank clerks have been found to get up at unearthly hours to hunt butterflies in Epping Forest; and Northumberland pitmen of two generations ago used to answer the difficult questions set in the old pocket-books; still, men like "John Duncan, Weaver and Botanist" (Kegan Paul), are commoner on

the Northern than on the Southern side of the Border. Mr. Jolly's work has, therefore, for the English reader a twofold interest. It is the record of a life worth recording; it is also the history of a whole community in which the house-painter makes dials and violins, mends clocks, and hangs bells, studies "Pinnock's Guide to Knowledge," and founds a village library, and the chief farmer is famous for wood-carving, violin-playing, and bird-stuffing; while all are eager politicians, religious and secular, and attend their debating club as regularly as their kirk meeting. Of such a little society of *savans* and good fellows Duncan was the weaver. He felt want in his old age; applied (in a way that would scandalise Mr. Blackley) for parish help. Mr. Jolly found him out, and wrote of him in *Good Words*, with good pecuniary result. His case tells against those who go on asserting (in the face of countless facts) that a man who works hard and keeps sober need never fear the wolf at his door. Very few English neighbourhoods are like the vale of Alford. It is in such places the lads are bred who take farm work during the Long, that they may have the wherewithal to pay their way during term-time.

The Chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche* has always been a favourite; for the worst of us have still conscience enough to justify our adopting the Horatian motto, *video meliora, &c.* Not long ago his life was the French text-book of the Oxford Local, and in this unchivalrous age we can hardly imagine better reading for young people than "The History of Bayard" (Chapman and Hall) "composed by the Loyal Serviteur." The edition before us is a little puzzling. It is, we are told, from the French of Loredan Larchey; but the introduction, at any rate, is in French-English. We cannot else account for such a phrase as "the chosen epoch suits admirably such reproductions, for she is cotemporary," &c. The note about the "Viennese Dauphin," too, needs explanation for the ordinary English reader; and the promised portrait of Bayard from a contemporary sketch is wholly wanting; as well as the chromos spoken of as forming part of the illustrations. Still the book is very handsomely got up, and (as we said) the beauty of Bayard's character, and the gentleness to all, poor as well as rich, which makes him such a contrast to many *preux chevaliers*, is full of teaching for to-day.

The second volume of "Burdett's Official Intelligence, 1883," by Henry C. Burdett (Effingham Wilson), is almost entirely re-written, and the preface announces that in future this work will be published biennially. For men of business the importance of this laboriously-compiled volume can hardly be over-rated. It aims at being a careful summary of information concerning all classes of securities of any public interest or importance, including British, Foreign, and Colonial railway stocks, mines, telegraph companies, tramways, water-works, &c. A glance at the carefully-arranged index will show the magnitude of the labour involved in obtaining the material for this work. It is clearly arranged, and will now probably take its place among those bulky books of reference which the enormous expansion of modern commerce has rendered indispensable.—We have received also "Street's Indian and Colonial Mercantile Directory" (G. Street and Co., 30, Cornhill, E.C.); "The Official Year-Book of the Church of England, 1883" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge); and "Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage for 1883" (Whittaker and Co.), all books of proved excellence.

"The History of Christ Church, Dublin."—In the notice of this book, which appeared in our issue of last week, the reviewer omitted to mention the name of the artist, Mr. H. W. Brewer, although every illustration in that work was drawn by him, and all the woodcuts (except two) were drawn on the wood by him.

A DAY'S COVER SHOOTING

TEN o'clock on a fine January morning, with a bright sun, little wind, and every prospect of good sport. Not a *battue*, where are so many thousand tame pheasants, to be slaughtered by so many guns, to stock so many London poulterers, but a real shooting-party, to shoot real wild game. Here we all are, gathered round the keeper's lodge, seven in number, in every variety of knickerbockers, gaiters, Norfolk jackets, and shooting coats. Our host, in grey, interviewing the keeper and arranging the day's programme; the old doctor and his pipe discussing the last good run with the rector, who is smoking his cigar; two friends of the family, and young Golding explaining the properties of his new hammerless gun to Captain Markham. The former, who is by far the worst shot of the party, is of course the most faultlessly got-up and radiant in his coat of many colours. "So simple, don't you know," says he. "Only cover this word 'safe' over with this little iron plate, and it can't go off; like this." Snap! (and the captain congratulates himself that there is no cartridge in the barrel). "Oh no; by the bye, of course, it's the other way; but it's easy enough to remember when one knows the system."

But now the signal is given and we must be off. Following behind are the beaters, a most motley collection, from the old rustic who has beaten for the Squire for the last "thutty years" to the youngster, brimming over with excitement at the prospect of the day's sport. Hawkeye Wood is the first beat, and on our arrival there, five guns are placed to line the middle ride, and two go to the further end to accompany the beaters. "All right," shouts our host. "Right" is shouted back, and crash go the beaters into the cover. For a minute or two there is a dead silence, broken only by the rustle of the breeze amongst the trees and by the distant ripple of the stream in the bottom; then after a time you can hear the tapping of the trees, and then bang! goes a gun in the distance, and every one at once springs into an attitude of attention. Another gun goes off, this time at the top of the ride itself, and now the firing becomes general. "Hare forward" is shouted, and pussy comes softly through the leaves towards you. She sees the fatal gun and turns to fly, but it is too late, and she lies stretched upon the ground. Patter, patter! and two rabbits come rushing forward. Bang! bang! one is rolled up, the other returns, only, however, to fall a victim further up the ride. Here is another hare, and there are more rabbits, some racing for their life, others creeping and crawling along in abject terror. Now the beaters come so close that it becomes too dangerous to fire forward, and at last the beat is finished. A very successful one, though consisting of only hares and rabbits, and one jay, which Golding mistook for a woodcock.

Two more beats follow, but as yet no pheasants. "We shall get them in the privet," says our host, and to the privet cover we go; but though there are the usual quantity of rabbits, only one solitary bird is bagged. The little ash coppice is tried next, and here we find where the pheasants have run to. Hardly have the beaters entered, than up soar three great longtails, with a whirr! which sends the heart jumping into the mouth. Up they all get, thick and fast, but only to fall, never to rise again; for the shooting is easy, and when the beaters appear once more, it is found that forty or fifty birds are stewed over the ground.

This is certainly a good wind up for luncheon, and we set to work on our bread and cheese and sandwiches with hearty good will. Twenty minutes is the greatest amount of law granted, and then, after a general lighting of pipes and cigars, off we go again as ready and willing as ever. We are led to expect pheasants again this time, but it will not be such easy work now, for the trees are thick and close together, and the cover lies slightly on the slope of a hill. The guns are stationed, and there is a long pause before the action com-

mences. At last the crackling of leaves is heard, and if you look closely you can observe some brown objects running up and down in a state of the utmost perturbation, but as yet there seems no sign of a desire to take wing. Nearer yet approach the beaters, and it is a pretty sight to observe the uncertainty and doubt in the minds of the birds; some running rapidly hither and thither in search of some way of escape; some covering their agitation under an aspect of unconcern, strutting about, and even now and then pecking nervously at any object which seems to take their fancy on the ground; others remaining perfectly still, preparing to take wing, when the proper moment arrives. At last, choosing apparently the least of two evils, up they rise, threading their way through the trees, or else rocketing over the tops. It is beautiful shooting, but just a little too good for young Golding; safely over his head go the pheasants, and at every miss he solaces himself by cursing his gun, which seems to him to have lost something of its boasted excellence. The beater appears to him to have a malicious grin on his countenance, when, having picked up his scanty spoils, he comes to know if there are any more forward, sir? And so the afternoon wears away, and the game-cart begins to show a most respectable appearance. There is only one more cover to be beaten before proceedings are brought to a conclusion, and the light is not as good as it used to be. It is a low-lying wood, with a strong undergrowth of brambles, bracken, and rushes. There is no time lost, for hardly have the beaters entered than up whirl a great covey of partridges, and though very strong on the wing they do not escape without considerable loss. But the day is to end up better than this, for all of a sudden there is a yell raised, and amidst furious shouts of "Mark cock!" a small brown object is observed coming wriggling and dipping through the wood. What a blaze there is, every gun directed at it, and every barrel discharged. The odds are too great, and down it falls, the Doctor and the Rector dividing the honours between them. Of course every one surrounds it and examines it, and admires it, and the Doctor, with a certain air of pride, plucks one of the much-coveted feathers and places it in his hat.

And so the day is over; but there is yet one ceremony to be complied with. We all return and assemble once more round the keeper's lodge, admiring the day's spoils, laid in a long line along the grass, and every one is either fingering his waistcoat pocket, or else holds some small object carefully in his hand. The keeper now approaches, and our host remarks, "Well, Parkins, you have shown us some good sport to-day." Very good! is echoed all round; and every one approaches and leaves that small object in his hand. To every one is accorded a word of thanks and a touch of the hat, and then the party separates; those who have driven over returning with a propitiation to their wives in a box behind.

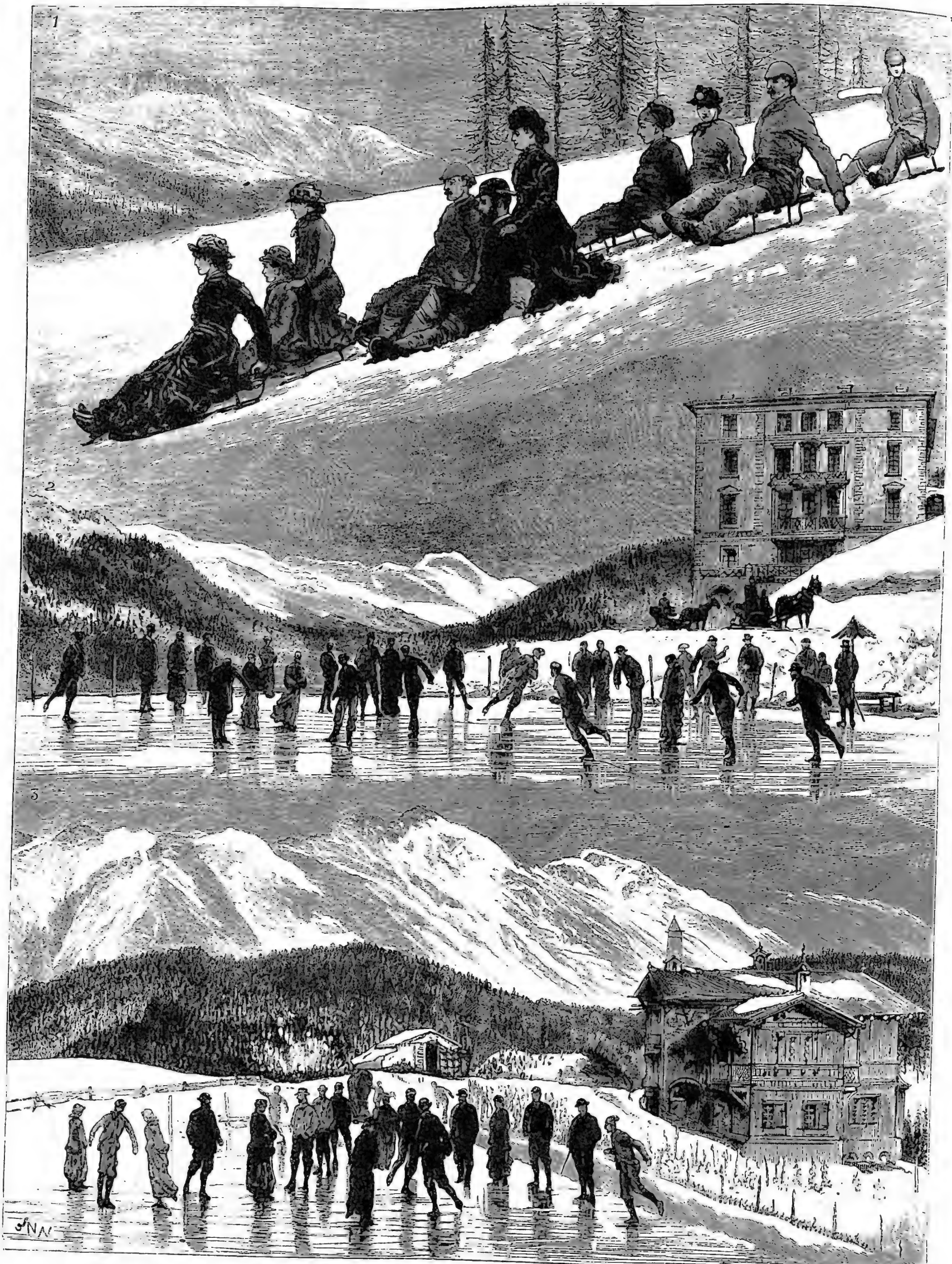
H. R. C.



It has been known since the time of Tartuffe that excessive religious profession is consistent with immorality and dishonesty, while any number of unbelievers have been distinguished by all the moral virtues. Herr Paul Heyse, however, in his "Children of the World," translated from the German (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), appears to think that something, styled "orthodoxy," has not yet been sufficiently crushed and exposed, and has written, on behalf of toleration, one of the most intolerant books ever put forward by aggressive scepticism. The novel is interesting, on account of the eminence of the author as a novelist in his own country, and also because of the utter hopelessness of its obtaining popularity in any other. It is the absolute type of that which differentiates German fiction from that of France or England. Resembling any known form of real life solely in being without any sort of artistic construction, its principal aim is to appear too profoundly philosophical and loftily transcendental for the ordinary mind to fathom or follow. Hence the mind which is feeble than ordinary is agreeably impressed by feeling that, when engaged in some very far from reticent love scene, it is engaged in solving the supreme mysteries of human life and passion. Imbecility, lunacy, or hysteria characterise all the principal characters, and these qualities appear to be aggravated by the study, in some cases, of the works of Schopenhauer, in others by the microscopic and unintermittent study of themselves. In short, we are introduced into an atmosphere which, were it real to any appreciable extent, would end in an epidemic of suicide. That it must be true to some exceptional extent in the father-land of modern pessimism must, however, be the fact, or Herr Heyse would never have been bold enough to count upon readers for his morbid and muddle-brained rhapsody.

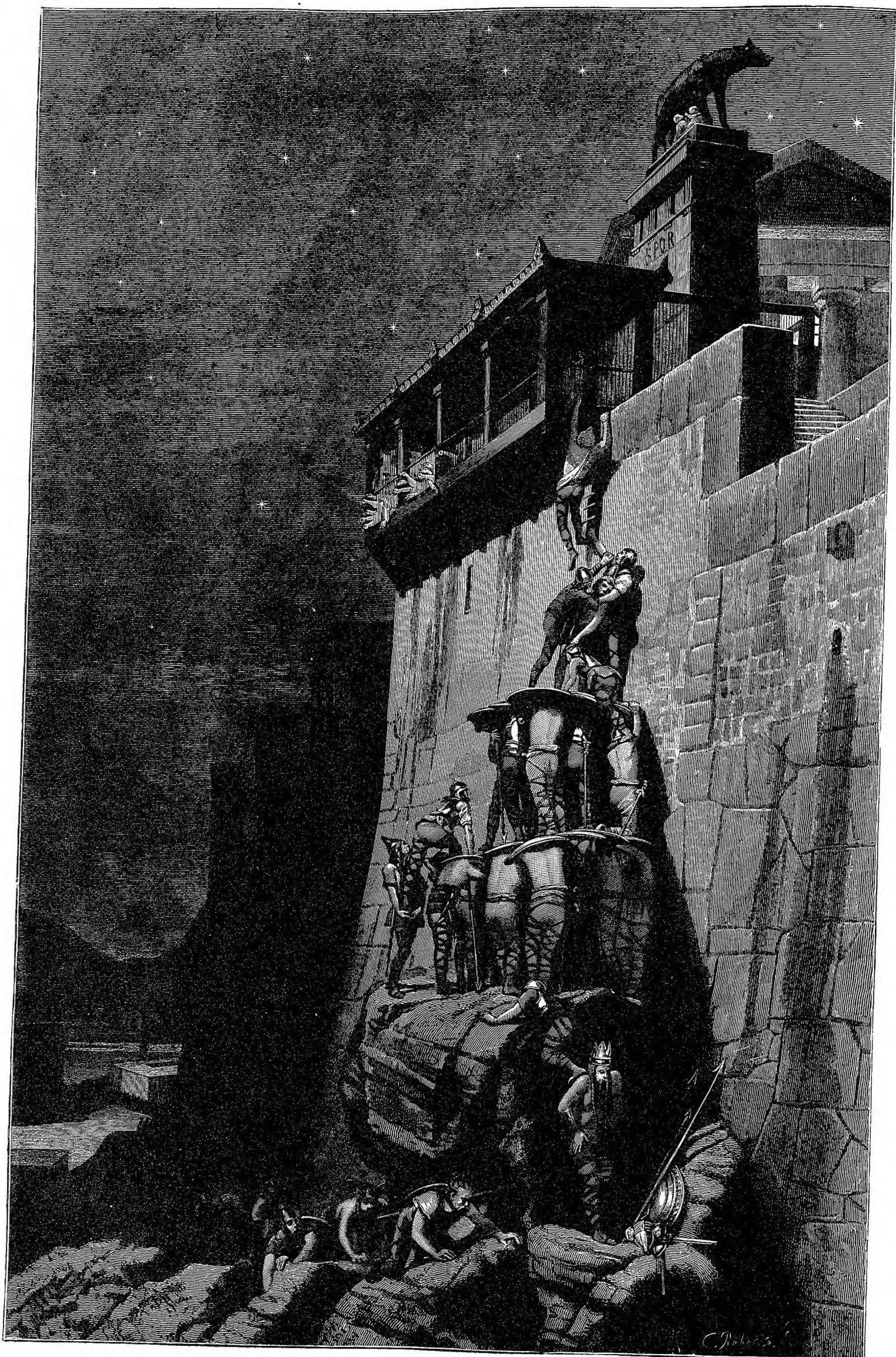
To pass immediately from Herr Heyse's novel to Dr. George MacDonald's "Weighed and Wanting" (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is a sudden entry into another world where thought and feeling themselves are created in another and contradictory fashion. This is also a religious and in some sort a theological fiction, only inspired by aggressive faith instead of by aggressive scepticism. It is interesting to note how completely charity and tolerance are on the side of belief, in this connection. Dr. MacDonald is in "Weighed and Wanting" more earnest and uncompromising than ever; and the novel is one which can scarcely fail to be of good effect, directly or indirectly, even if it be read merely for the sake of the story, which is perfectly possible. At the same time it must be admitted that the story is by no means so well worth reading for itself as usual. The sermons and disputations, good as they always are, and suggestive as they very often are, are far too obtrusive; the situations are at once too few, too forced, and too late in being introduced, and the characters are analysed away until scarcely anything in the shape of flesh and blood is left of them. We are unquestionably not in the minority of readers when we protest against Dr. MacDonald's indulgence in the hackneyed pathos of making a little boy too good to live, and then killing him for absolutely no other reason. The experienced novel-reader foresees Mark Rayment's doom from the first, and will by no means be tempted to sympathise with that sort of infanticide which is the ogreish tendency of so many authors. On the other hand, Major Marvel is an admirable study of possible contrast between what a man may really be, what he may seem to himself, and what he may seem to others from many points of view. On the whole, "Weighed and Wanting" is a book to be cordially recommended.

"The Price She Paid," a novel, by Frank Lee Benedict (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is rather a weak production as compared with the same author's "Saint Simon's Niece." It is a story of the old-fashioned American sort, in which the characters are all intensely virtuous, and perpetually eat hot cakes and waffles. But the old-fashioned sort of American tale is at any rate fully as good as the more pretentious new style, and Mr. Benedict's heroine, Phillis French, is quite attractive enough to be worth knowing. She is much more original than is her trouble, which is the venerable stock situation of having a father in hiding who gets mistaken for a lover. The complication is common to all nations, and may therefore be fairly extended to the New World, where it seems to have become the fashion to despise the invention and construction of new plots altogether. American fiction unquestionably does shine in the invention of heroines, or in the analysis of those whom it finds to hand, and one Phillis French suffices to make a pleasant if not either strikingly interesting or original story.

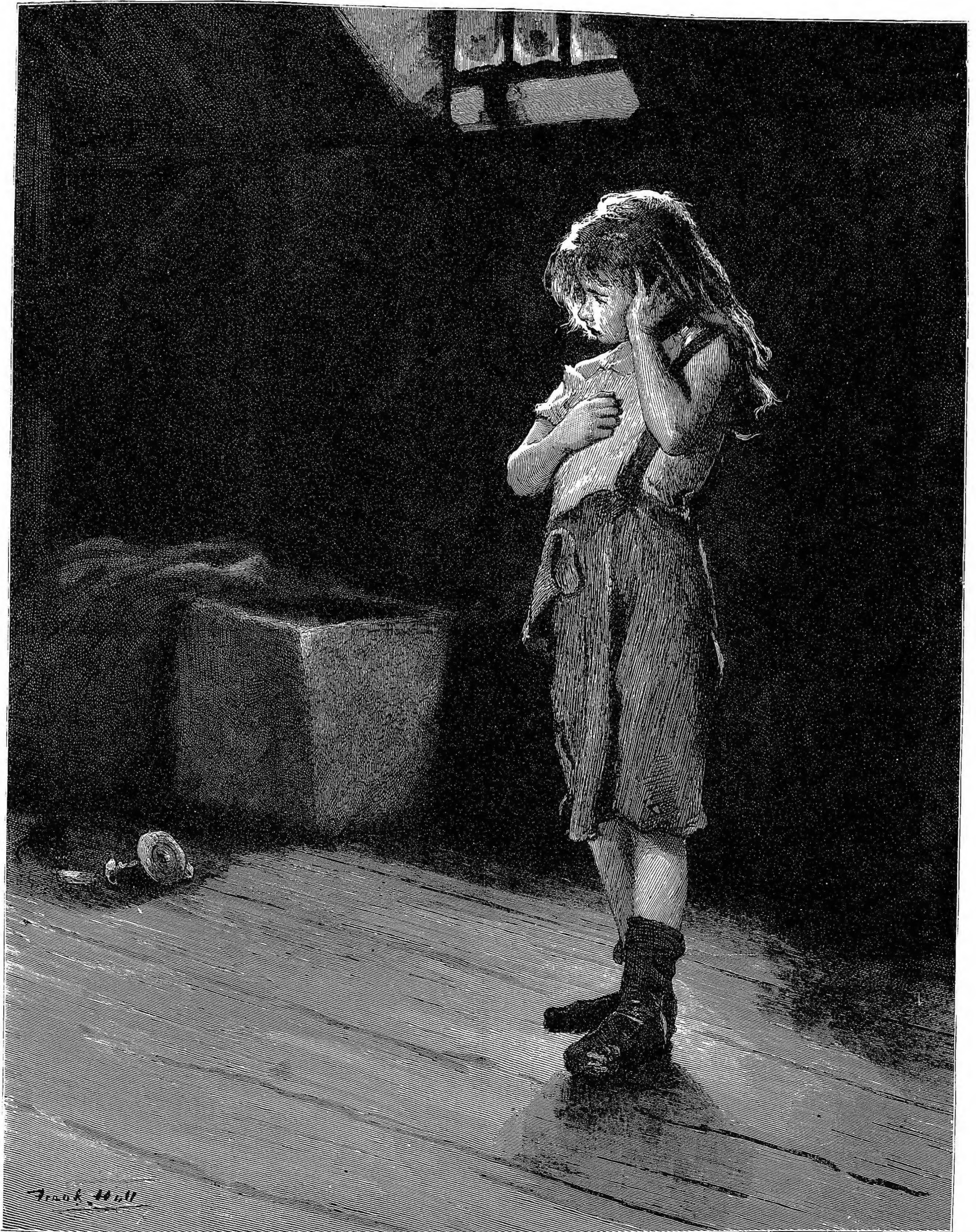


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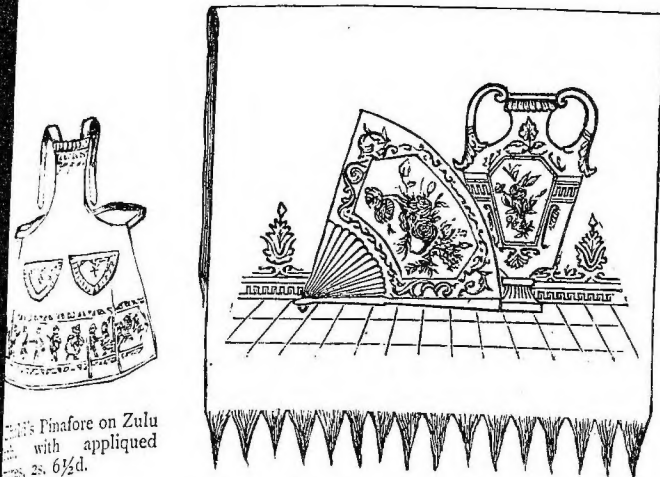


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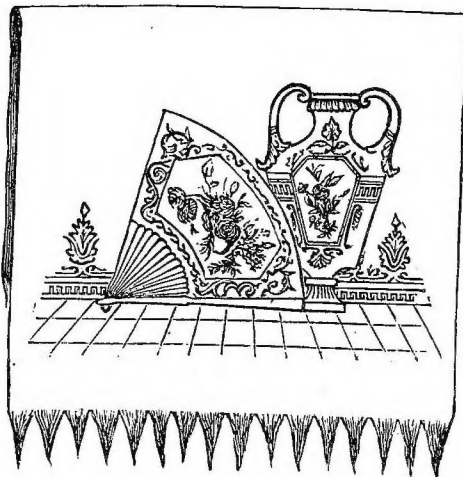
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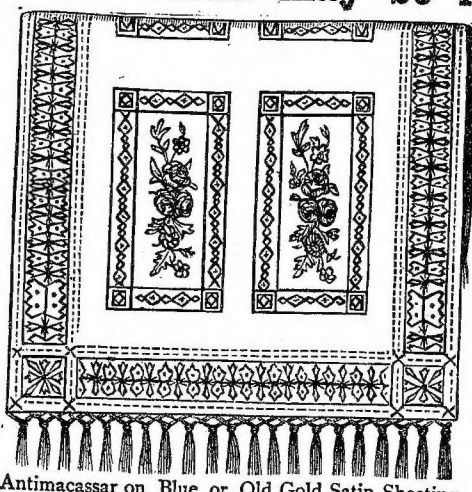
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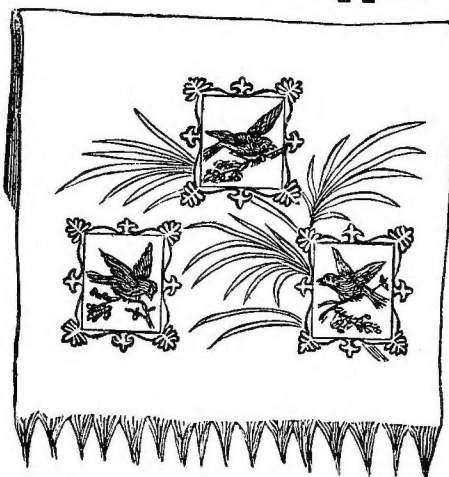
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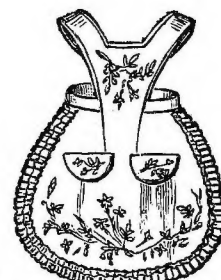
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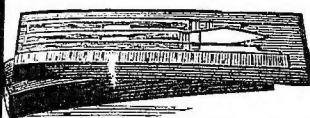
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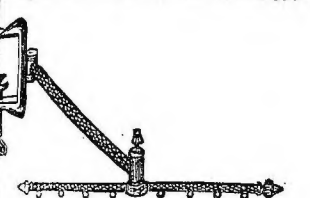
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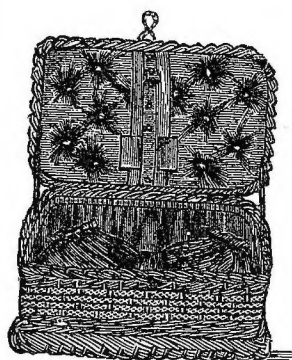
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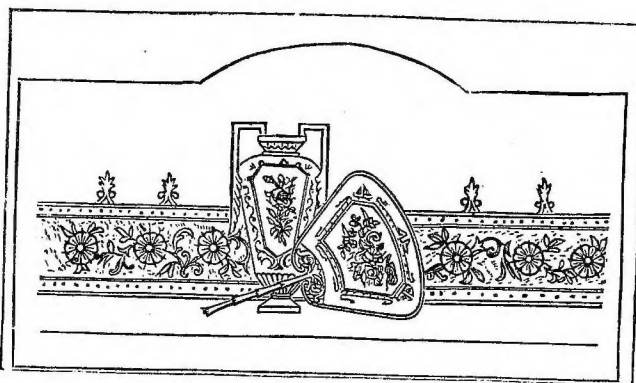
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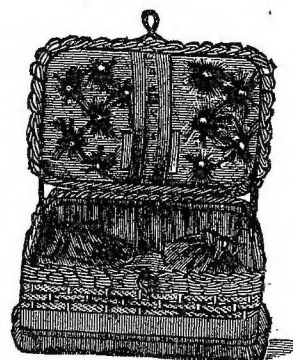
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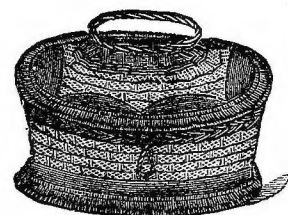
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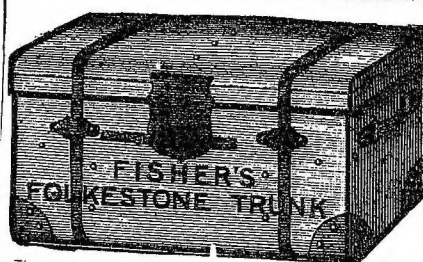


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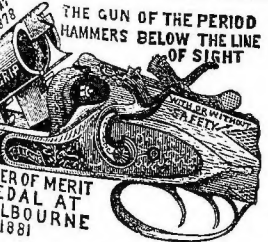
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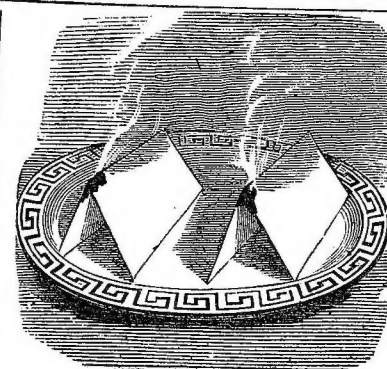
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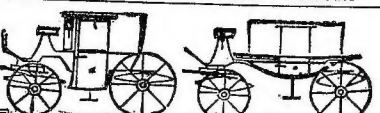
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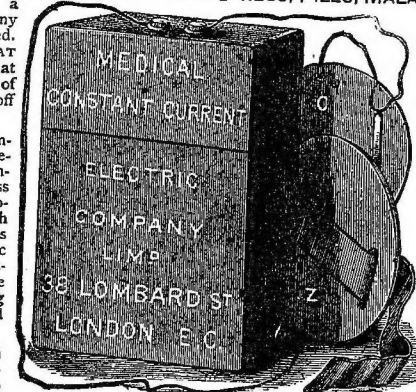
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must not be con-
founded with the class
of so-called electric ap-
pliances which furnish
no current, as it develops
a continuous, mild electric
current, capable of pass-
ing entirely through the
human body, affecting
every organ, nerve, and
tissue.

The current, although
so subtle and permeat-
ing, is not perceptible to
the senses, yet it will
operate a galvanometer
through a resistance of
5,000 ohms, equal to a
telegraph line over 300
miles long.



PRICE 12s.—SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.
Fine hard rubber case. Nickel plated binding posts
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TESTIMONIAL FROM MRS. LANGTRY.

'I have pleasure
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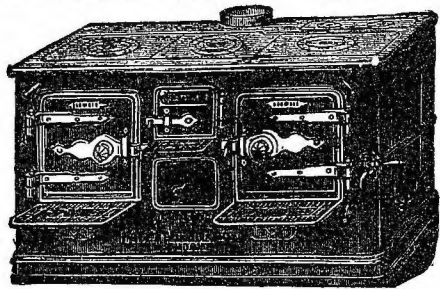
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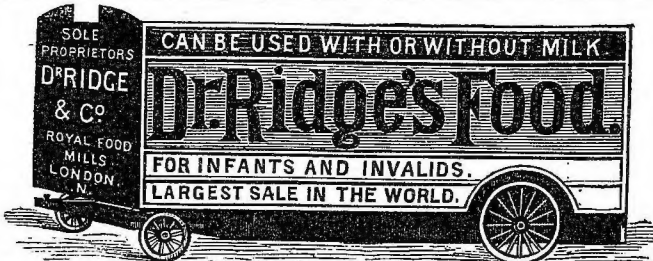
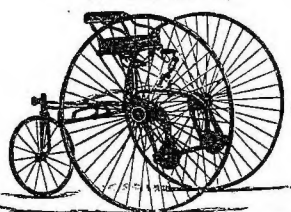
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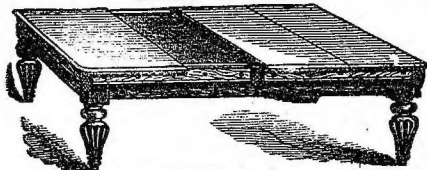
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London: 15, Holborn Viaduct.

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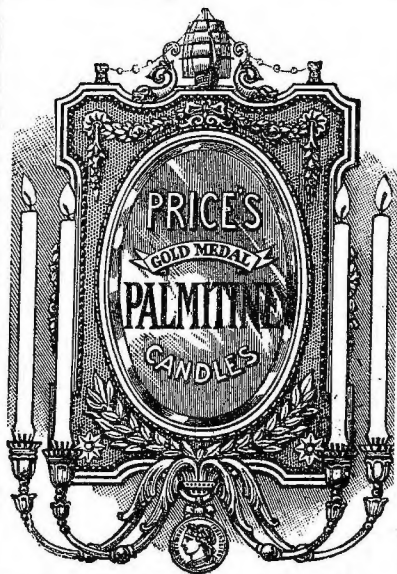
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